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THE SECRET.

BY A. L. GOSHEN.

In a fair lady's heart once, a secret was lurking.
It toss'd and it tumbled, it long'd to get out;
The lips half betray'd it by smiling and smirking,
And tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.

But honor look'd gruff on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white,—
Should the captive seek an elopement, to save it
By giving the lips an a imonishing bite.

'Twas said, and 'twas settled, and honor departed:
Tongue quiver'd and trembled, but dared not rebel,
When right to its tip, Secret suddenly started,
And half in a whisper, escaped from its cell.

Quoth the teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this,
And they bit very smartly above and beneath,
But the lips at that instant were bribed with a kiss,
And they pept out the Secret in spite of the teeth.

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

PHILIP MERRITT and Mr. Halley, who were deep in conversation, paused on the instant, and there was utter silence for a few moments, till May said, in a low deep voice—

"I wear it, Mr. Longdale according to promise, in memory of a brave man."

Longdale bowed and was silent; while Merritt, white almost as the cloth before him, hurriedly resumed the conversation with Mr. Halley, but in an inconsequent manner that was so broken as to enable him to jealously listen for each utterance of the others.

Longdale, though, talked upon indifferent topics for a while. Then he said suddenly, with a deep sigh—

"Yes, Miss Halley, there are awful changes in this life. Did you read the announcement of our sad loss?"

"I did," said May, coldly,

"Is it not awful?" said Longdale, ignoring a kick which he received from Merritt below the table.

"'They who go down to the sea in ships,' you know the rest."

May bowed her head; but Longdale could not read the disgust written in her countenance, and went on—

"So sad! A fine ship—one of the finest in the service; a valuable cargo and some of her best men lost, swallowed up."

May had not meant to reply, but the words escaped in spite of her—

"You seem to place the losses in order according to their value," she said sarcastically, but with a heavy sense of pain at her heart; and as Merritt looked, he saw, with jealous rage, her hand pressed upon the crape bow—all unconsciously, though, for she was only seeking to control the heaving of her breast.

"Exactly," said Longdale, who was too cunning of verbal fence to be hit by such a barbed lunge—"exactly so, Miss Halley. I place our poor ship first at least; then the cargo of our merchants; and last and best, the great men who have been snatched away from us.

"It is one of the great drawbacks to a ship owner's profession, having these awful losses; they cause many a sleepless night."

May was checked. In her guileless heart, much as she disliked the speaker, she could not believe that he could assume so much. It would have been a blasphemous hypocrisy, she reasoned; and vainly trying to fathom the depths of his cold grey eyes, she said—

"And is it certain to be true, Mr. Longdale? Is there no hope of the others being saved?"

"I will not say that," he said, sadly. "It is too much to hope for, I fear; but who can despair when rescues that are almost miraculous continually meet our notice?"

May Halley was confounded, and sat in silence during the remaining few minutes that she stayed at the table.

What did it mean? What was she to think? Were people wild, bitter, and extravagant in their charges against these men? It must be so; for it was impossible, utterly impossible, that this quiet, courtly gentlemen could sit and talk to her so sadly of a loss that he had almost, if not quite, helped to compass for his own vile ends.

It was cruel work, and her breast was torn by a dozen contending emotions. To whom could she fly for advice in such a strait? She knew not: though she felt that she could not trust herself. Thought after thought, how they flashed through her mind!—till she rose at last to leave the party to their wine.

Philip Merritt hurried to open the door for her; and as she swept by, there was such an appealing look in his eyes as they met hers—such a look of honesty and love—that in spite of all she had heard, her pulses quickened and the look she gave him in return was softer and less full of doubt: while he returned to his chair, smiling and triumphant, knowing that Longdale had helped his suit more than a month's wooing of his own.

As he returned to his seat, it was to find that his partner had at once resumed the subject of the business upon which they had been to Mr. Halley's offices in the morning.

"You see, Mr. Halley," he was saying, "Merritt has placed all his available capital in our hands; but it is not, as I explained, sufficient for the extension we propose. Certainly the insurance money for that wretched Victrix will help: but we should have another thirty thousand, which I hope you will determine to advance."

Mr. Halley sat tapping the table with his fingers as Longdale filled his glass and pushed the claret jug towards Merritt.

"And by the way," he continued, "you must not give Philip here the credit of proposing you as our banker; for certainly it would, I must own, have been in bad taste. It was my suggestion. Merritt try this claret, it is exquisite."

The two partners exchanged glances, for Mr. Halley still sat thoughtful and in silence.

"That was very sad news about the Victrix, gentlemen," he said at last.

"Frightful!" replied Merritt: while Longdale merely bowed and raised his eyebrows slightly.

"They have been talking over it a great deal in the city to-day."

"Yes I suppose so," said Longdale, calmly, while Merritt shifted uneasily in his chair.

"It hits the underwriters a little; but then they calculate for these contingencies, and make money all the same. Where would be their use if they did not meet with losses?"

"Where, indeed!" said Merritt, uneasily.

"The loss is looked upon very seriously," continued Mr. Halley.

"Of course," said Longdale, applying himself once more to the claret jug. "It is a very, very serious loss. I am afraid, though, that we made a great mistake in entrusting her to that Anderson; but there, poor fellow, he's no more! You cast him off for some incompetency, I believe?"

"No, by Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Halley impetuously, "for a finer sailor never trod a deck. Gentlemen, you know the old proverd, 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum'? I can use it here, and say it with all sincerity; for a braver, truer-hearted man was never trusted with the care of property and the lives of men."

"I am very glad to hear your advocacy," said Longdale, who was ever ready to catch each current as it set: "you relieve me of one anxiety which preyed upon my mind. You can hardly tell, Mr. Halley, how these responsibilities tell on me. I was really afraid that we had made a false step in engaging with poor Anderson, and had not done our duty to the crew."

"If seamanship could have saved your vessel, it would have been now afloat," said Mr. Halley.

"I grieve much of the loss of John Anderson; and would gladly give half I possess to shake him once more by the hand."

"But we are bearing away from our subject," said Merritt, who was anxious to go to the drawing-room and join May.

"Yes," said Mr. Halley, "I was talking about the loss of the Victrix."

Longdale's face gave an angry twitch, for this was not the subject he wished to discuss.

"They have been saying very ugly things about her loss," said Mr. Halley, slowly.

"Ugly things? About her loss? Good heavens, Mr. Halley, what do you mean?" exclaimed Longdale, turning in his chair.

"They say that Rutherby's sent out the ship ill-found, and heavily insured, and did not expect to see her back."

Crash!

Longdale's clenched hand came down upon the table with a heavy blow that made every glass dance.

"Some cursed, contemptible rascal of an underwriter, who has two or five hundred dollars in the insurance! But who is it, Mr. Halley, who is it?"

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Merritt, "who is it? If we could find out the villain, we'd ruin him. We would, wouldn't we Longdale?"

"We would, as sure as there's a law for libel. Some anonymous, skulking scoundrel, who is never happy unless he is blacking some one's character. Who was it? Give us his name, Mr. Halley."

"That I cannot do, gentlemen," said Mr. Halley, quietly.

"It would be dishonorable in me. I should be betraying a trust. But these losses are very awful, and, I must say, incomprehensible to me. I never had them."

"Mr. Halley," said Longdale, rising stiffly, "your language is rather strange. Surely, sir, you as a shipowner, must know enough of the risks of ocean traffic to see that we have been rather more unfortunate than is common. You do not, surely, for a moment, impute to us, your guests, any—"

"If you please, sir, here's an old lady—one of those who came to see Miss May—wants to see Mr. Longdale and Mr. Merritt, and won't take no for an answer."

"It's only me, gentlemen," exclaimed a pitiful voice; and before she could be prevented, Mrs. Gurnett had forced her way into the dining room.

* * * * * *

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said Mrs. Gurnett; "I know it's rude and wrong of me, but it's life and death to me, gentlemen, and I've been up to both your houses, and found you were here; and I knew that my dear old master there wouldn't be so cruel as to stand in my way, and keep me from seeing you, so I came—Mrs. Gurnett, gentlemen, landlady of the Jolly Sailors, gentlemen, and Mr. Basalt, Jeremiah Basalt, sailed in your ship—mate in the Victrix—Captain John Anderson—and I saw only an hour ago, in the evening papers, that—Oh, oh, it can't be, it can't be! Pray, pray tell me it isn't true!"

The poor woman had been speaking with an effort, and now she staggered and would have fallen, had not Mr. Halley caught her and helped her to a chair.

"Wine here, Merritt," he said; and then angrily, to the gaping footman, "Go, and shut that door."

"No, no—no wine—water," gasped Mrs. Gurnett, pushing back the glass, and looking appealingly at Mr. Halley as she spoke to the two partners.

"We are old people, gentlemen; but we loved each other in our poor simple way, and we were to marry when he came back. I felt he would be lost, and begged him to stay."

"But, my good woman," interposed Longdale, in deprecatory tones.

"It's too bad, you know," said Merritt.

"Let her speak," said Mr. Halley, very sternly.

"Thank you dear master," said the poor woman simply. "I begged him to stay, for I knew what Rutherby's ships were."

"Confusion!" exclaimed Merritt. "I cannot stand this."

"Be quiet, my dear boy," said Longdale, blandly; "you have nothing to fear."

"But—but," sobbed Mrs. Gurnett, "he was that loyal and true to his captain, that go he would; and he made me—for he had such influence over me that I could have died for him if he had told me—he made me—say—'Go, and God bless you;' and I said it, and sent him to his death."

"But we are not sure yet, Mrs. Gurnett," said Mr. Halley, soothingly.

"Sure, dear master? oh, yes, we are sure! Why did you send him away from his own old ship, that he seemed to be a part of, and while I knew he was with it I felt almost that he was safe? But, oh, gentlemen it was you I came to see. How could you—oh, how could you send those poor brave men in that rotten ship?"

"Confound it, woman, how dare you make such a charge?" exclaimed Merritt, savagely: "you're mad—a lunatic—you ought to be put up in an asy——"

He stopped short; for he suddenly became aware that, with face white as her dress, May Halley was standing in the doorway. How long she had been there he could not tell.

Longdale saw her at the same moment, and speaking blandly, he said, in his soft, kid-gloved tones—

"My dear Merritt, do not be hard upon the poor woman, who is half beside herself with grief. Think of what she suffers, and make allowances."

"What is it nurse?" said May, advancing into the room.

"Oh, Miss May, my own darling, are you there?" cried the weeping woman, starting up to fling herself at the young girl's feet. "Oh, my darling, they've drowned him—they've murdered him! Oh, no, no, no—what am I saying? Please don't notice me," she cried appealingly. "I say more than I mean; for it is so hard to bear. Mr. Halley, sir—dear old master—you were always kind to me; ask them for me; they'll answer you. But pray, pray don't deceive me—don't say cruel falsehoods to comfort me and get me away quietly, as if I was a child. Only tell me gentlemen, please, is what I have read in the paper true, that the ship, the Victrix went down, and that my poor Basalt and the captain went down with her?"

"It's as true as that their murderers stand there," said a harsh voice from the doorway; and all started to see the stern old face of Mrs. Anderson at the door.

"Yes, you may shrink back and cower, you gentlemen," she cried, bitterly. "And you, James Halley, how dare you consort with such villains?"

"My good woman," exclaimed Longdale——"

"Good woman!" exclaimed the stern old dame, pointing at him with her stick.

"How dare you speak to me, you cringing, smooth-tongued hypocrite? Do you think I do not know you. Reuben Longdale? Yes. You have crawled up and up the ladder of life to be a shipowner, and every step has been the dead body of a better man.

"Yes, you will deny it, and quote Scripture, and subscribe to missions, and give to

new churches; but when at the last day the great God who made us all of one blood shall say to you—'What of those men I trusted to your care?' what then, coward—murderer—unprofitable servant—what then?"

"This is too much," exclaimed Merritt; while May bent shivering over the kneeling form of Mrs. Gurnett.

"Silence, boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson.

"You are young yet in such villainy. Run from it while you have time—run ere hell gapes for you more widely. How dare you speak, when I ask that man what he has to say that I should not impeach him of the murder of my son—of my son, a man so brave and true that it seems horrible to me that God could have let him be the slave of that cringing reptile.

"Yes; wipe your wet brow, and shiver, murderer! Where is my son? Where is the crew of the Tibor? Drowned! Where is the crew of the Great Planet? Drowned! Where is the crew of the Grey Dawn? Drowned! Where are the crews of twenty other ships of which you have been part owner—ships that were rotten—ships that were bought and patched—ships that were made by cheap contractors with bad materials—ships built to sink? James Halley, if you in your career had lost a tithe of them, you would have been a beggar; while this man—look at the well-fed, smooth sleek serpent, and see how he has thriven!

"But it will not last," continued the old woman, fiercely, in her denunciation, and seeming, as she stood there, like some prophetess of old—"it will not last! The Lord shall hear the cries of the widow, the fatherless, the bereft; and a day of vengeance shall arrive for such as you."

She stopped, and turned to May, and laid a trembling hand upon her fair head.

"Be very pitiful to me, my child. God bless you. You knew it, then?" she cried, as she saw the crape bow. And now her voice was weak and feeble, as she clung to the trembling girl.

"Yes," she said, gently; "be very pitiful to me, and think of me in your prayers. Ah, my child, he loved you with all a strong man's love—my son, my dear first-born, whom I worshipped so, that God has taken him away as a punishment for my vain idolatry.

"But he loved you, my child; and if I see you no more, think of me gently; for though once I felt hard and cruel, and jealous of you, I could have loved you dearly, with all a mother's love. And now—now he is gone! He died for you—for your sake, in his despair!

"Come," she added, after a few moments, and she laid her hand upon the younger woman—"come, Mrs. Gurnett, let us go; we have no place here. Mr. Halley," she said, with a sweet, calm dignity, "forgive me this. If it had been your ship that had been lost, with my poor boy on board, I could have come and wept pitifully at your feet, and asked for comfort; but as for these men—"

She said no more; but holding Mrs. Gurnett's hand, and looking fixedly at Longdale, led her to the door, where she was followed by May and Mr. Halley to the cab that was in waiting.

Then, without comment, Mr. Halley led May, weeping bitterly and quite unstrung, to her room.

When he returned to the dining-room it was empty.

"Where is Mr. Merritt? Has Mr. Longdale gone?"

"They said, sir, as they thought they would not stop, but would see you to-morrow," said Samuel.

"Thank God!" muttered Mr. Halley, throwing himself into a chair, while the partners were walking slowly back towards town, heedless of the rain that was falling heavily, and that they were in evening dress.

"I've had enough of this," said Merritt at last.

"Don't be a fool!" was the abrupt reply.

"No, I won't," said Merritt, angrily; "I'll drop it at once. That old woman made my blood run cold. It is worse than D. T. Another such scene as that, and I shall lose May Halley."

"Nonsense!" said Longdale, abruptly.

"Nonsense! I tell you I couldn't stand it; but I'll have no more of it."

"No more of what?" said Longdale, in a fierce tone that made his companion start, and stand listening beneath the wall of an old house.

"This ship-owning—I can't stand it no longer."

"What! now that all has gone as you wished—how that success has attended the plans at which you connived—now that your rival is removed from your path? Philip Merritt, you are in with us, and must stay."

"Must?" said Merritt, roused to indignation by his partner's language.

"Yes, must or leave with us every penny you possess."

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE "VICTRIX" SANK.

THE breeze saved them—the brisk breeze, coming down in a brief cat's-paw for a few moments, did it.

For as the poor ship shuddered and rolled from side to side, as if struggling hard to keep afloat, the well-filled sails bore her on a few yards farther from the raft.

John Anderson, too, had answered Basalt's appeal, and tugged at his oar with all his might.

But it was cruel work; for the unshapely raft hardly answered to their efforts, and seemed to hang back as if drawn by some horrible magnetic attraction to the ship. To the men struggling for dear life, it was like some fearful nightmare, as they tugged and gazed with startling eyeballs at their fate. A few hours before, they could have gone down without a struggle; but the efforts for safety had begotten new hopes, and death would have been hardly met now.

Drag, drag, drag—till the ash blades bent and threatened to snap, and still they scarcely moved away; while the ship seemed animated with life, which burst forth from her tortured bowels in strange shrieks and cries.

Rats by the hundred swarmed up on to the shrouds; and again and again there were sharp, crashing reports, as other parts of the deck blew up.

Such a few yards distant, even now; and there was a strange creeping sensation in Basalt's hair, as if a cold skeleton hand were stirring it.

His face was ghastly; but he did not for an instant cease his efforts, dragging furiously at his oar, though a shiver passed through him that almost seemed to rob him of all nerve when the Victrix—Victrix no longer—sank back for an instant, throwing up her bows, and then gave one slow, solemn plunge head first, and disappeared in a vast eddy of hissing, foaming water.

It was an awful sight; and in spite of themselves, Anderson and Basalt ceased rowing as the hull disappeared, and the masts and rigging slowly followed—the sails seeming to hang for a moment on the waves as they filled with air, and then split with a loud report.

But before the maintop-gallant yard had sunk below the surface, they were rowing hard against the dreadful current that sucked them towards where floated a quantity of deck lumber, whirling round and round before disappearing after the ship.

"For dear life!" cried Basalt, huskily,—"pull, my lad, pull!"

Words were not needed; but in spite of every effort the raft floated slowly towards where the water foamed and boiled, and their fate seemed sealed.

Another drag, though, and another; and either the rate of progress was checked by their efforts, or the whirlpool had less force. They saw it, and dragged again, throwing their last remaining strength into the efforts.

And not without avail; for a minute after John Anderson had fallen back exhausted upon the raft, while Basalt half lay, half sat upon the cask, with the raft rising and falling amid the waves of the great Indian Ocean, alone and helpless, a thousand miles from land!

It was a long time before either spoke, and then it was Basalt, who said, as if to himself—

"That's about the nighest touch yet. Talk of Davy Jones's locker!—one almost heard the lid snap down."

Then turning his back to Anderson, he went down softly on his knees, and remained so for some time, to rise up, though, at last, muttering the only words which reached his companion's ears, and they were——

"World without end, amen!"

The next minute he was bright and cheery. Thoughts of their possible fate did not seem to trouble him, as, in a rough, fatherly way, he leaned over Anderson, placing spirit and biscuit to his lips, and then proceeded to re-bandage the wound upon his leg.

"Cheer up, my lad," he said; "it 'll all come right. We have got a craft under us as won't sink; but as for that Victrix—"

His sentence was more forcible in its incompleteness than ever it could have been had he said all he thought; but he mentally uttered no blessing on the heads of Rutherby and Co.

"First thing to be done is for half the watch to go below," he said; "and that's your hall, cap'n. There aint much stowage room, but get a sleep if you can."

John Anderson was too much exhausted to do more than thank the old man with a grateful look, as his head fell back upon a tarpaulin; and in another minute he was sleeping heavily.

"And that's what I could do," muttered Basalt, "only I can't yet. I'll do the next best thing though; for it's been short commons lately."

Then in a cool, matter-of-fact way, just as if the narrow escape from a terrible death had not been shared by him he filled a tin pannikin with water, gave it a good dash of rum, and fished out a couple of biscuits and a lump of pork, which he set to, knife in hand, to devour, sitting the while cross-legged upon one of the gratings which formed the quarter-deck of the raft, and thinking sadly of Mrs. Gurnett and the snug bar parlor at the Jolly Sailors.

The sun had risen to the meridian, and slowly sunk to within an hour of his setting, before John Anderson awoke, to find that a rough awning of sail cloth had been stretched between him and the ardent heat. A pleasant breeze rippled the water, and filled out the little lug sail that Basalt had managed to hoist.

For a few moments the young man lay thinking—wondering whether this were the end of a horrible dream that he had had. He felt rested and refreshed; the breeze, too played pleasantly in his hair; a soft languor seemed to pervade his every sense; and it was only by an effort that he prevented himself from lying there silently thinking—always of home, of the perils he had passed through, and of May.

He roused himself with a sigh; and looking up, a pleasant smile irradiated the rugged face of old Basalt, as he shouted——

"Ship ahoy! What cheer?"

"Better, much better," was the reply. "Now let me take the watch, and you lie down."

"That will I, with a will," said Basalt. "You'll find the stores there, ready to hand. Eat well, my lad; for it'll give you strength to weather the next gale."

A minute after, while Anderson was making a frugal meal off biscuit and water, Basalt, heedless of all perils and dangers, was sleeping soundly upon the raft.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THEY FARED ON THE RAFT.

CAN you imagine for yourselves the position? Far away from land, upon a few rough spars, lashed with ropes to a cask or two; with the whole fabric rising slowly up the side of each wave to plunge down the other into the deep trough of the sea, groaning and creaking as the loose fragments rub and grind against each other, fraying the ropes that hold them together, and threatening to fall asunder at any moment. John Anderson sat thinking, with his head upon his hand; while his rough old companion in misfortune slept heavily.

One by one the stars came out, till the whole heavens were one blaze of splendor, reflected a thousandfold from the glassy surface of the long swell.

The breeze had almost died away as darkness set in, and the little sail flapped idly against the mast.

If the weather kept calm, they might exist for weeks, for they had food and water enough; but he knew well that, strive to strengthen it as they might, the first rough sea must knock the raft to pieces or wash them off.

Educated by his long sea-going to wake at certain hours, Basalt rose up about midnight; and there was something almost comical in the manner in which he treated their frail platform, which was half submerged at every step on the side, even as if it were a wellfound ship, with full crew.

"Anything to report, sir?" he said.

"No, all is just as you left it, Jerry."

"And a good state of things, too," said the old man, beginning to whistle.

"I suppose we must drift now till the wind rises again."

Drift was the word—drift, hour after hour, in the same monotonous fashion.

Drift, the next day and the next, with the sun growing each hour more powerful, till it seemed to scorch the very brains within their heads; and, in spite of their thirst, every drop of water having to be measured out to the exact allowance upon which they had placed themselves, so as to hold out as long as possible.

The afternoon sun at times seemed unbearable, in spite of the awning they contrived with a small sail; and more than once the question occured to each—was it worth while to live and endure such tortures?

Four days, a week, a fortnight passed slowly on, during which time there was nothing more than the faintest breezes, and the raft had held together still.

For the first few days Basalt fought hard to keep up a cheerful aspect, and succeeded well; but the awful loneliness told at last upon him, so that hours and hours would pass, during which neither spoke, but sat wrapped in thought apparently, though really with their energies paralyzed—every aspiration frozen into dull apathy.

It was on the fifteenth day that, early in the morning, while serving out the provisions, Basalt dropped his biscuit to exclaim, with a hysterical sob—"Ship ahoy!"

And then turned, with outstretched hands gazing at a white speck glistening in the sun upon the far-off horizon.

It was a sail, sure enough; and, with straining eyes, Anderson stood by his side, watching, and reading, as it were written upon that white speck—life, hope, love, home.

"Hoist a signal," he cried, and at the same moment went himself to the mast, where he cast loose the sheet that held the little sail, hauled it to the top and let it fly in the soft morning breeze.

"They'll see us, sir—they'll see us," cried Basalt, cheerfully, the whole man changing with the hope with him.

"Cheerily, cheerily, my lad! That means home, sweet home; and confound all bad shipowners! How's the wound, my lad—how's the wound?"

The wound was fast on the way to heal, and ceased to trouble Anderson, who did not reply, so interested was he in the distant sail.

"Isn't she lower down, Basalt?" he then said.

"Not she," cried the old man, gazing through his hands. "She'll see us sure!"

The old man stooped down and slapped his knees, a broad smile coming over his face, as he said to himself—

"Hurray for the old stocking, and success to the Jolly Sailors!"

John Anderson did not speak, but stood intently gazing at the sail, till his experience told him that there could be no question about it—they were not seen, and the vessel was certainly more distant than when they had first sighted her.

Another half-hour passed, and then it became plain to Basalt, though he would not own it as yet, but stood up on the top of one of the water-casks, cheering and waving his hat.

At last he stopped short, and remained gazing after the departing ship, which sank lower and lower, till she was the merest speck, when he descended slowly, and proceeded to serve out the biscuit and water—a process interrupted by the sight of the ship.

"A bit and sup, my lad," he said to Anderson.

"Never despair! Better luck coming. It's a bit of a disappointment? but I don't mind it a bit, for my part. In fact, it's good; for it now shows us as we're in the track of ships."

Another day, and another, and another, and now the water began to run short.

They had drunk as sparingly as they could; but the intense heat had at last begotten a thirst that would not be denied, and they had been compelled to drink. There were symptoms, too, of a change in the weather; the breeze grew stronger, and the salt forced the raft through the water.

But though they pressed on, it was so slowly that it could do them no good. The nearest land was the Cape; but at their rate of progress, with favoring breezes, it would take them months to reach port, and they knew that their only hope was a sail.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW MR. TUDGE WAS TEMPTED.

"MR. TUDGE, miss."

"Show him in, Samuel," said May.

There was a great deal of shoe rubbing on the mat outside, and then entered Mr. Tudge, very spruce, his hair curled—he had spent an hour at the hairdresser's on his way; his tail-coat of peculiar cut, buttoned very tightly across his chest; and a general gala aspect about him, largely increased by his carrying an immense bouquet in his hand.

"How are you, Mr. Tudge?" said May, advancing, with a sad smile, to shake hands with him.

"Like a man coming into sunshine, my darling," said Tudge, taking her hand and kissing it.

"Ah, my dear, once upon a time, when you were little, it used to be your hand."

"And it need not now, dear Mr. Tudge," said May, offering her cheek to the old man who kissed it fondly, and then sat down on the couch beside her, retaining her hand, and, after laying down the bouquet carefully by his side, patting and stroking it tenderly.

"Bless you, my dear," he said, with tears in his eyes—"God bless you! And you grown such a beautiful young woman, too. But I always said you would; didn't I now, my dear—didn't I always say you would?"

"You always spoiled me, Mr. Tudge," said May, laughing.

"Not I," said Tudge, stoutly. "But May, my dear what feasts we used to have! Don't you remember the cheese-cakes, the almond rock, and the plums?"

"Oh, yes," said May, smiling sadly. "I remember it all, Mr. Tudge."

"To be sure you do my sweet; and I always said you'd grow up a beauty. But you see, I'm a rum old fogy of a fellow; but I know what's what. See here—there's a posy for you!"

May took the flowers he held out with such pride—for he had gone to get a simple bunch of roses, and ended by purchasing the choicest bouquet of exotics he could find.

"It was very kind of you, Mr. Tudge and they are very sweet."

"Not so sweet as her they are meant for," said Tudge, beaming all over his plump face.

"And look how I've neglected to send you anything lately, my dear! All business though," he added, gloomily——"all business!"

"That's what I asked you to come for, dear Mr. Tudge.

"You've often told me you looked upon me as a daughter."

"To be sure—to be sure. Why, didn't you use to laugh and call me old Uncle Tudge in the old days, eh? To be sure you did; and ah! what fun we used to have?" His face was all smiles; and leaning over her, he softly stroked down, on each side, her bright glossy hair.

"But stop," he said, seriously—"business. Why did you send for me?"

"To talk to you about papa and the business, Mr. Tudge."

The old man faced round, serious as a judge, with his mouth pursed, and one finger held up impressively.

"I never bring the business outside the office."

"But it is for poor papa's good I want to know," said May; "and you are in his confidence?"

"Confidence, my darling," said Tudge, "why, he's offered me to be partner six times—six times, think of that! Said I'd make half the business, and deserved to be."

"And why were you not, Mr. Tudge?"

"Why not, my dear? Why should I have been? I was right where I was. Who was to have taken my place if I had been partner? No; so long as I could save a few hundreds, and go on my own way, I didn't want to change. But if I'd known what I know now, I would have been."

"Why?" said May, anxiously.

"Why? To skid the wheel going downhill—to act as a check and stop him. Where is he to-night?"

"Gone to dine at Mr. Longdale's"

"Confound Mr. Longdale!" cried the old man, starting up, and stamping about the room—forgetting, too, in his wrath, his reticence about the office.

"I beg your pardon, my child—I know it's very wicked; but as soon as I hear his name or—his name," he exclaimed, checking himself, "I get mad about the way the business is going to the de— old Harry."

"Then, things are very wrong, Mr. Tudge?" exclaimed May.

"Wrong, my darling, they're—"

Slap!

Mr. Tudge administered a smart tap to his mouth to close it, and then took a good sniff at May's bouquet.

"If you only knew how anxious I am about poor papa," said May, pleadingly, "I'm sure you'd tell me."

"Can't," said Tudge. "No business out of the office."

"But I'm so anxious" said May.

"So am I," said Tudge.

"And I do so long to know."

"Can't help it, my dear."

"Do tell me," said May, tearfully.

"Would if I could—if I can't how can I?" said Tudge sternly.

"Do tell—for dear papa's sake!"

"Now, don't tempt me my dear."

"Pray tell me dear Uncle Tudge," said May, laying her cheek against his shiny bald forehead.

"I never believed about saints being tempted before now," said the old man, addressing the coal-scuttle; "but I do believe it, and give in. What do you want to know?"

"About dear papa's affairs, and why he is so dispirited."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, tenderly, as May nestled up to him—"I'll tell you darling, for you're his own flesh and blood, and don't know that I'm doing wrong, after all."

"Are things so bad then?" said May, alarmed at his serious aspect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Annie Elnidge.

BY J. H. P.

SOME years ago, I was in the habit of occasionally leaving the large city where I live, for the purpose of visiting a relation, who possessed and cultivated an extensive farm in one of the midland counties. Mr. Elnidge was a man of middle age, rich and well educated.

He had been for some years married to a pious and amiable young woman, to whom he was tenderly attached.

I remember particularly one visit that I paid to the Falls, for so Mr. Elnidge's farm was called; he was in the fields when I arrived, and his wife received me in a pretty parlor, well furnished with music and books. In the evening Mrs. Elnidge with a pleasant smile said to me:

"My business as a farmer's wife now begins. Here are newspapers and magazines, I hope you will be able to amuse yourself for a while."

As she spoke, I heard a sound of wheels creaking and horses trampling, mingled with the loud voices of the laborers, and the shrill ones of the shepherd-boys, all returning from their day's labor.

"What!" I said to Mrs. Elnidge, "are you going amongst all those people?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "I always see that they are properly attended to."

I proposed to accompany her, and we went into the kitchen, now filled with working-people.

All rose from their seats and saluted Mrs. Elnidge with respectful cordiality; but I remarked that her presence did not seem to cast any restraining gloom on the laughter and cheerful conversation going on.

Suddenly, however, every voice was silent, every head uncovered, and a freezing stillness fell on the merry party.

Mr. Elnidge entered, and while he remained, not a word was spoken by his people save in a very subdued tone.

Supper being ended, I returned into the parlor with my host and hostess; and as my intimacy with them was such as to warrant perfect freedom of speech, I remarked to Mr. Elnidge the striking difference between his wife's reception and his own. He smiled.

"You think then these people do not love me, because they fear me?"

"I think" said I, "that they love your wife much better."

"And they are right to love her, for she is all kindness and gentleness, and full of indulgence for their faults; but believe me, they are more attached to me than they think.

"I know I am severe, I never forgive a first fault, but I try to be inflexibly just. Indulgence is a weakness in him who exercises it, and an injury to him who receives it."

Mrs. Elnidge smiled.

"Yes," said her husband "what I say is true. How many good servants are spoiled by having their first offence overlooked. How many children are ruined and rendered intolerable plagues, because their parents, forsooth, have not sufficient moral courage to punish them."

"What," said his wife, "if it should please Providence to grant us the blessing of children, would you treat them with the same rigor that you use towards your servants?"

"Most certainly I should."

When he said this, he believed it, for he had never known the softening power of paternal love.

Mrs. Elnidge looked sad; and I hastened to change the topic of conversation.

Next day I took leave of my friends; and soon afterwards setting out on a distant voyage, I did not repent my visit to the Falls till after the lapse of several years.

During my absence I learned that Mr. Elnidge had at length become the father of a little girl.

I wrote to congratulate him, and the impression which our last conversation had left was so strong on my mind, that I ventured to claim some indulgence for the little tender creature, whom I feared he would treat with injudicious hardness.

I regretted to perceive in the letters which I had from him, that his principles of severity were by no means relaxed.

At length I found myself once more within the pleasant groves and meadows of the Falls.

It was evening and supper-time when I entered the well-remembered kitchen; there was the same long table surrounded by working-people, and the master and mistress in their accustomed places. They received me with the most cordial joy, and I soon perceived that something was changed. The master's presence no longer imposed silence and restraint; a lovely girl of seven years' old flitted about incessantly, now playing with the servants, now climbing on the knees of her smiling father.

In the course of the evening I said to Mrs. Elnidge, in a low voice:

"Well, I think your sweet little daughter seems to have softened her father's severity."

"Don't say so to him," she replied. "It is the fact, but he is quiet unconscious of it; he fancies himself as inflexible as ever, but his love for his child is all-powerful." A few evenings afterwards, as the workmen were returning, I heard the calmly-severe voice of Mr. Elnidge say:

"I will hear no more about it; he is an ill-conducted boy."

"Please sir to consider for a moment," said the steward; "his old mother has no one but him to support her.

"He will replace the two sheep that he allowed to stray away. We will all help him; and for pity's sake, sir, don't turn him off, for then no one in the neighborhood will hire him."

"That is not the question," replied Mr. Elnidge; "I care very little for the loss of two sheep, but I will not retain in my service a good-for-nothing boy, who goes to sleep instead of minding his flock; or perhaps does worse, and spends his time in stealing his neighbor's fruit."

Mrs. Elnidge and I approached, and saw a little shepherd-boy named Andrew, standing before his master, trembling, and weeping bitterly.

"Dear husband, don't you think."

Mr. Elnidge interrupted her immediately: "Don't give me the pain of refusing you, my dear.

"It is useless to ask me to forgive the boy, I have dismissed him."

"Oh! pardon, sir," stammered the child—"indeed it was not for myself, it was for ——"

"Take him away, and let there be an end to this," said his master, in a tone that admitted of no reply.

The boy went away, sobbing as if his heart would break, and all the others sat down to supper. The meal was a sad one. Little Annie did not as usual play and dance around the table; she sat on a footstool at her mother's feet, and I remember that from time to time she took furtively some hazel-nuts out of the little pocket of her apron, and threw them into the fire.

At length her father bent over her and said, "You're not merry to-night, my darling—what ails you?"

"Nothing, papa," replied Annie, turning very red.

"What were you doing just now?"

"Nothing papa."

"How is that? I thought you were throwing something — nuts, I think—into the fire."

"No papa," replied the little girl trembling, "I have not any nuts."

"What! why here they are in your pocket!"

Annie pouted her pretty little lips, and her eyes filled with tears.

"How is this?" said her father—"you are telling me an untruth!"

The child's whole frame trembled, she burst into a passionate fit of crying, and exclaimed, "Oh, papa, don't send me away! don't send me away!"

Her father folded her in his arms, embraced and caressed, and promised to forgive her. At length she sobbed out:

"It was that I—that I—wanted very much—to eat some nuts—and I told Andrew to get me some—and while he was looking for them in the wood—his sheep went astray."

"So," said her mother in a severe tone, "you were the cause of the poor boy's disgrace!"

"Come, come," said Mr. Elnidge—"don't scold her, she won't do so any more."

"But papa—Andrew—I shall be sorry if you send him away."

"Well, well, darling, call him back to supper, and tell him that he may remain."

"Thank you, good pappy," cried the child, kissing him, and then jumping off his knee, "I'll go tell him."

This little scene certainly surprised me, for I did not then know so well as I do now the utter and almost absurd inconsistency of human nature.

Another lesson which I learned that evening was, the extreme difficulty, not to say impossibility, of speaking to parents about their children's defects.

In a day or two I returned to my residence in the next town, and months passed on, when late one evening a servant galloped up to my door, and handed me a note. It was from Mr. Elnidge, and contained only these words:

"My child is dying—come, and bring a physician." Ordering my horse to be saddled instantly, I ran for my own physician, and causing him to mount the horse of the servant who had brought the message, in a few minutes we were galloping at full speed towards the Falls.

On arriving, we were shown into a bed-chamber, and there a piteous sight awaited us. Annie lay in her mother's arms, her face livid, and her eyes starting from her head; she was writhing in convulsive agony, and uttering now and then piercing cries.

Her mother, weeping bitterly, asked her questions which the child did not answer; and her father kneeling before her, was almost as pale as she, while his dark eyes were fixed in motionless agony.

The doctor entered, and without speaking took Annie in his arms, laid her on the bed, and examined her closely. There was an awful pause, broken at length by his saying:

"This child has been poisoned!"

A cry of horror burst from the lips of every one present—for the servants had collected in the room—but Mr. Elnidge, thinking only of his daughter, said:

"What is to be done?"

The doctor ordered an emetic, and while he was preparing and administering it, I went into the kitchen to question the domestics, who had been ordered to return thither. Just then a laborer entered and said:

"It is all over—he is dead!"

"Who is dead!" I exclaimed.

"Little Andrew, the shepherd boy."

"Was he poisoned?"

All were silent, until the laborer in reply to my eager questions, confessed that the boy, before he died, had told him that at Miss Annie's earnest request, he had collected wild mushrooms in the woods, that one of the servants had cooked them, and that they had both eaten heartily of them in secret.

I sent for this servant, but she had disappeared, and I returned to the unhappy child's room.

I told the doctor what I had learned, and he showed me a quantity of small portions of mushrooms which Annie had thrown up.

At that moment she was calm, and lay motionless on the bed; but never shall I forget the agonized faces of the father and mother as they stood gazing on their only child.

The doctor beckoned me to the other side of the room, and said in a whisper:

"The child has but a quarter of an hour to live: try to remove her parents, for the last convulsions will probably be frightful."

Low as was the voice in which these words were spoken, Mr. and Mrs. Elnidge heard them distinctly, for in some states of excited feeling, the sense of hearing becomes strangely acute.

The father spoke not, but fixed his despairing glance more firmly on her; the mother threw herself on her, and kissing the cold convulsed lips, with a passionate fervor exclaimed:

"My child, my child, they shall not take me from you."

And so the last fearful moment approached, ushered in, as the doctor had predicted, by dreadful agonies.

Mrs. Elnidge did not long survive the shock, but died, trusting in the atoning mercy of Him who forgave the sin of Absalom's father.

Mr. Elnidge lived for many years, a sad and blighted man, but greatly changed in character.

All his sternness, as directed against accidental and slight transgressions of his orders, had vanished; while any approach to theft or falsehood in those under his rule, was always visited with his severest displeasure.

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF A NERO.—After the burning of the city of Rome, Nero gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites and a large portion of the public grounds for his new palace. The porticos, with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, 120 feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of movable tablets of ivory, which shed flowers and perfumes on the company. The principal salon had a dome which, turning day and night, imitated the movements of the terrestrial bodies. When this palace was finished, he exclaimed: "At last I am lodged like a man." His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines and hooks of gold. He never traveled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed in the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred she asses followed his wife Poppæa in her progresses, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer, and in the theatre as a singer and actor. There was not a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world endured this monster for fourteen years, and he was popular with the multitude, who were dazzled by his magnificence and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality. On the anniversary of his death, during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers.

THE MIRACULOUS CABINET.—Under this title an extraordinary work of art was lately exhibited in London. When we say that this cabinet, measuring only five feet high, three feet wide, and eighteen inches deep, contains 180 pieces of furniture of the same size as in ordinary use, some of our readers will ask for a list; and, as a curiosity, here it is: A judge's large table, with ornaments, books, and six chairs; four large card-tables, two Chinese tables, a smoking-table, a lady's work-table, two beautiful large Chinese toilet-tables, a large chess-table, four work-boxes, four flower-pots with flowers, a what-not, a large candelabrum, a full-sized bed with hangings, and a baby's swing-cot; a round toilet-table, an embroidery frame, a large flower-table, five small Chinese lamps, two large ditto, two Chinese toilet candlesticks, twelve fancy boxes, a footstool, a painter's easel, four music-stands, a dining-table with twenty-four covers laid complete; four large dishes, twenty-eight plates, thirty cups, saltcellars, etc.; a large chandelier containing twelve wax-lights; nine garden chairs, four parlor candlesticks, a Chinese writing-desk, a fancy inkstand with wax-tapers, rulers, and bell; a tea-tray, a drawing-room table, a throne, a throne-chair, four small flower-tables, a large table inlaid with specimens of shells, glass-top, etc., etc.

Bric-a-Brac.

GRAMMER.—Among several instances of those who go out of the world reciting verses with their expiring breath, D'Israeli relates the curious dying expression of a French grammarian, who, in his last moment, exclaimed, "*Je vas, ou je vais mourir: l'un ou l'autre se dit!*" which may be translated, "I die, or, I am dying; both terms are allowable."

INFANTRY.—The term infantry, applied to foot-soldiers, takes its origin from one of the infantas of Spain, who, hearing that the army commanded by her father had been defeated by the Moors, assembled a body of foot-soldiers, and with them engaged and defeated the enemy. In memory of this event, and to distinguish the foot-soldiers, who were not before held in much consideration, they then received the name of infantry.

MUSIC AND BRIDGES.—Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large iron bridges of the world. This is due to the well known phenomenon that a constant succession of sound waves, especially such as come from the playing of a good band, will excite the wire vibrations. At first these vibrations are very slight, but they increase as the sound waves continue to come.

ABSURDITIES.—Maupertuis, the once celebrated president of the Academy of Berlin, published a book in which, among other singular schemes and theories, he gravely proposed to dissect the brains of Patagonia giants, in order to discover the nature of the soul; to build a town where only Latin was spoken; to dig a whole through the centre of the earth; and to cure maladies, and preserve life for several centuries, by covering the patients with an impervious plaster of rosin. To ridicule this mathematical philosopher, Voltaire wrote his famous but questionable novel of Candide.

PARIS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.—The situation of Paris for many ages before the revolution was deplorable. Assassinations were daily committed in the most public manner, and the streets filled with robbers. The nobles themselves were often no better than common highwaymen, stealing purses, cloaks, or anything else they could find. At a fete given at Versailles, on the marriage of the Duchess of Burgundy, (great grandmother of Louis the Sixteenth) a distinguished lord cut off a piece of her robe, in order to procure a clasp of diamonds. He was caught in the fact, but pardoned by the king.

ROYAL TRADESMEN.—Near Cuma in Italy is the lake of Fusaro, where the pleasure of the excursion, to some travelers formerly finished with a feast of oysters, for which this lake is famous. It belonged to a very distinguished oystermonger — the king of the two Sicilies—whose agents opened the fish, and supplied the visitors. They do things in this way in Italy. At Rome, the Cardinal Doria used to be the milkman to those who chose to send to his palace for this necessary article to the tea-drinking English; and at Naples, the only good butterman was his majesty; and those who wished to have this article genuine sent to court for it, whence it was issued, impressed with the royal arms. His majesty was also the chief or only dealer in gunpowder, salt, tobacco," etc, etc, etc.

THE ELEPHANT'S TAX.—The elephant's partiality for sweetmeats, is well known: it is acquired in plantations of sugar-cane, and is universal. A curious instance of this attachment to confectionary, and the method pursued to gratify it by an elephant in its savage state, is upon record. It chanced that a coolie, laden with jaggery, a coarse preparation of sugar, was surprised in a narrow pass, in the kingdom of Candy, by a wild elephant. The poor fellow, intent upon saving his life, threw down the burden, which the elephant devoured, and being well pleased with the repast, determined not to allow any person egress or regress who did not provide him with a similar banquet. The pass occured upon one of the principal thoroughfares to the capital, and the elephant, taking up a formidable position at the entrance, obliged every passenger to pay tribute. It soon became generally known that a donation of jaggery would ensure safe conduct through the guarded portal, and no one presumed to attempt the passage without the expected offering.

THE ORIGIN OF MACARONI.—Once upon a time a wealthy Italian nobleman owned a cook gifted by nature with an inventive genius. One day, in a rapture of culinary composition, this great artist devised the farinaceous tubes called "macaroni," which all love so well, with the succulent accessories of rich sauce and grated cheese, familiar to those who have partaken of this dish as properly prepared. Having filled a mighty china bowl with this delicious compound he set it before his lord—a gourmet of the first water—stood by to watch the effect of his experiment. The first mouthful elicited the ejaculations "Carl!" idiomatically equivalent to "excellent" in English, from the illustrious epicure. After swallowing a second modicum he exclaimed, "Ma Carl!" or "Excellent indeed!" Presently, as the flavor of the toothsome mess grew upon him, his enthusiasm grew to even higher flights, and he cried out, in a voice tremulous with joyful emotion, "Ma caroni!"—"Indeed, most supremely, most sublimely and superlatively excellent!" In paying this verbal tribute to the merits of his cook's discovery he unwittingly bestowed a name upon that admirable preparation, which has stuck to it ever since. As salt is sometimes used with "macaroni" a little might not be out of place in this macaroni story.

GONE SEAWARD.

BY AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

A merry, tiresome child, an hour ago,
  That shouted and made haste for life's mere sake,
And knew no why for wanderings to and fro;
  A creature boisterously blithe to be,
  And playtime was all hours when he might wake.
An hour ago; and now, great river tide,
What mute dead thing is it that thou dost hide?
  What mute dead thing they cannot win from thee?

An hour ago his laughters broke the sky;
  And then, a foot that slipped, a parted wave,
And life that was to be all passed by.
  A plunge, a struggle, and he has forgot;
  And 'tis a naught they seek and cannot save.
Give back, great river tide, the thing they seek;
Give the unstirring limb, the frigid cheek,
  Give back the dead; the child returneth not.

And 'tis the common tale of life and death;
  And 'tis the tale that never shall seem true,
For life is ours the while we draw our breath,
  And death we know not save its alien name.
  A restless child that leaped and laughed and grew;
And sudden there's but silence and a void,
Great river tide, give back the thing destroyed,
And Greater River, bear him whence he came.

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PRINCESS WITTGENSTEIN.

POOR little Raoul Constantine Onfrey Wittgenstein died and was buried.

His tiny coffin, covered with rose-colored velvet and bearing a large gold plate, with his name and age, was placed on an open hearse, a rich pall of cloth-of-gold thrown over it, and on this a silver cross was laid.

The hearse moved slowly, its four horses being heavily trapped with velvet and crape, their heads surmounted with long black plumes.

In front of the hearse, though it was midday, four men walked with lighted torches.

They were dressed in long black cloaks, and wore black masks.

Then came a bishop, wearing his mitre, and carrying a golden cross on high.

He was followed by a number of priests bearing church banners and pictures of saints.

The priests were habited in black velvet robes, trimmed with silver lace.

After them came choristers, chanting the mass for the dead; then the hearse, and then the carriages containing relatives and acquaintances closed the long procession.

Princess Feodora was inconsolable for the loss of her infant.

She shut herself up and refused to see anyone but her confessor, and her grief was perhaps the greater on account of the perfect quiet rigidly proscribed by etiquette.

Ten days after the infant was buried, Father Michael gently told Princess Feodora that her husband was no more.

Then indeed her grief was wild and uncontrollable.

She astonished the mild Father by turning on him like an enraged lioness.

"You lie!" she shouted, "my husband is not dead. How dare you lie to me—false, wicked wretch!"

And with a scream, more of rage than sorrow, the Princess went off in violent hysterics.

When she recovered, her first question was:

"Where is my husband?"

It was her maid who heard the question, and she turned away without replying.

What could she say?

"Tell me, Valerie, please," she said, almost humbly.

"Prince Wittgenstein is in Heaven, your highness," replied the girl, with deep solemnity.

"Is it true?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Leave me; I want to think."

* * * * * *

Prince Wittgenstein had met his death, leading a sortie on the enemy's advanced battery.

He rode before his men, cheering them on when a bullet struck him, wounding him severely in the left arm.

He waved his sword above his head, crying out:

"'Tis only a scratch! Come on, my men!"

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when another ball pierced his gallant heart, and he fell from his horse without a groan.

Vassili sprang from his charger and raised his friend, but the handsome face wore the death-smile.

The stiff fingers held the sword in the grip of death, and the shattered left arm was doubled under him.

Wittgenstein's body was borne back and buried on a hill-side, where many had already found a resting-place.

He lay beside Roboff.

Both of them were buried without coffins, wrapped in their cloaks, their swords laid beside them and the earth shoveled in, then the grave smoothed over, a volley fired, and a wooden cross set up.

There was no time for useless ceremonies.

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest,
  By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By unseen forms their dirge is sung."

Vassili sat by the camp-fire, his head resting on his hand, musing sadly on the uncertainty of life.

"Why are they taken when I am left? Young men, with a long life of usefulness before them, with high hopes and loving friends. It is strange."

Strange though it was, it was nevertheless true—no bullet ever touched Vassili when he stood in the thickest of the fight, and on all sides he saw friends and foes fall, mowed down by the "Reaper whose name is Death."

He still passed scathless through the fiery ordeal.

He did not shun death, but the fiat had not gone forth, and he lived.

He won laurels by his indomitable bravery, but his seemed a charmed life.

One other man escaped in the same unaccountable manner—distinguishing himself by undaunted courage, his fearlessness on the battle-field, and calm endurance in camp and trench.

It was Alexis Paulowitsch.

All through the awful war, this man of the people displayed a high-souled courage, a noble indifference to suffering, which shamed many a high-born, gently-reared aristocrat.

The coldest night-watch could wring no complaint from his lips.

If the black bread fell short, Alexis did without, or handed his slim allowance to a hungry comrade.

He was never known to murmur, never heard to grumble.

Vassili never lost sight of him, and, thanks to the influence of Count Platoff, Alexis' bravery did not go unrewarded.

He was promoted rapidly, and, when the bitter war was over, Alexis Paloowitsch's name stood high on the list of officers who had distinguished themselves.

He was no longer a peasant—he was a noble sprung from the people.

CHAPTER XXX.

NICHOLAS died in March, 1855, but peace was not proclaimed until April, 1856, and when the happy day arrived, all was joy and gladness.

Vassili and Alexis bid a final adieu to the spot which had been moistened by the blood of their comrades, and started for home with saddened yet grateful hearts.

The new Emperor was of a milder, gentler nature than his father.

He warred against a mighty enemy, but the war was bloodless, for the enemy was Oppression.

When Alexis reached St. Petersburg, he went without a moment's delay to the home of his mother.

Vastly different was the tall, upright officer with glittering orders and stars upon his breast from the humble Alexis in the cafetan, the Alexis of the old days.

Different, but only in appearance—his manly, honest heart was the same; his true, noble nature had not been spoiled by soft-voiced adulation.

Alexis was home again, in the humble cottage where he had spent many pleasant days and slept happy, dreamless nights—sweet sleep of the workingman, from which he had always risen with a light heart, to eat the homely breakfast, sweetened by toil, and start out to take his own manly share of the world's work.

Surely this early training had prepared him for honor and triumph?

Surely sweet-tongued flattery would be powerless to soil this pure, strong mind—to efface the wholesome recollections of his youth?

Alexis was only just in time.

His mother was dying; the firm, dark-eyed mother, whose bright, resolute face had often been in Alexis' dreams when far away from the humble St. Petersburg cot, was soon to pass away forever.

She had received a rude shock when her loved son disappeared so suddenly, and the long, anxious waiting and suspense had told on the old woman.

Then he had been absent so long, first on the island and afterwards in the Crimea.

She was tired of watching for a sight of his face, weary with waiting for the sound of his voice.

She sat in a large chair close to the stove.

Her dark face had grown fearfully thin, and the firm lines about the mouth had deepened, but the sharp coal-black eyes were full of spirit still, the thin wrinkled brown hands steady.

Alexis signed to his sisters to be silent, and gently approached his mother's seat.

He stepped so softly that she did not hear his approach.

He knelt beside her.

"Mother, I have come home to you," he said.

The old woman started to her feet with a glad cry of joy.

Her son's face was close to hers, his breath warm on her cheek, his young strong hand on hers.

All the days and nights of watching and waiting had brought no tears to those resolute dark eyes, but joy can soften more than grief and now she cried aloud.

* * * * * *

Vassili sat in his warm library in his handsome house in St. Petersburg.

He was reading, but ever and anon glanced at his watch as if expecting some interruption.

It was a cold day, though May had commenced what is called her sunny reign.

The wind whistled through the streets, and every now and then a spiteful shower of sleet beat against the double windows.

The room was warm, its crimson paper and red morocco furniture gave it such a comfortable look, and the crimson and black tiled stove such a generous heat.

"I wonder what keeps Alexis so long?" said Vassili to himself, throwing down his book with a yawn. "How I wish he would come. I long to get back to Dago."

He did not come, however, so the weary student was fain to take the book up again. About an hour after, when the Count had dropped to sleep over the volume, a gentle pull at the great bell of the house door sent the hall porter out to face the chilly wind.

A tall lady sought admittance.

She was closely veiled, and she inquired for Count Platoff.

Now the hall porter was puzzled.

Count Platoff had given orders for the first visitor that called to be shown right up to the library.

Nichola had been hall porter in the last Count's time, and he was in the habit of receiving lady visitors, but he had never before shown up a lady to Count Vassili.

However, everything must have a beginning, and perhaps his master might turn out a gay man, in spite of his white hair.

So Nichola would obey orders, and take her up.

He led the tall veiled lady upstairs, and on to the library-door, which he opened, announcing:

"A lady."

The visitor passed in, and the door was shut.

She looked about her, and at first supposed the room to be unoccupied.

She saw no one, and so she sat down to wait.

In a few moments she heard deep, regular breathing, as of some one who slept.

She rose, and great was her astonishment to find a man, fast asleep, in a large arm-chair in front of the fire.

"This must be Count Platoff," she said to herself.

The Count lay back in an easy chair, one hand on each arm of his chair, and his feet on a soft mat.

He looked well, and his toilet, for, in spite of the porter's doubts on the subject, he had *not* expected ladies, was simple.

He wore a black velvet dressing-gown, the short white curls stood up all over his noble old head, in striking contrast to his fair smooth face.

The genial heat of the room had deepened the flush in his cheeks, and, in spite of the white hair, moustache, and whiskers, Count Vassili looked a very handsome man.

"Dear me, how very odd!" she continued, thoughtfully. "What had I better do? I wish he would wake up!"

The lady stood near the sleeper.

She gazed on his face and came to the conclusion that it was very handsome.

It was very embarrassing, indeed, to be shut up with a man, and he fast asleep!

Besides, she was in a hurry, her errand must be done, and she must get away.

She coughed at first gently, then loudly.

The Count slumbered on.

What was to be done?

She must waken him at all risks.

She might have knocked on the table, she might have thrown books or articles of *bijouterie*, or an inkstand, at the sleeper.

She did none of all these.

She simply went up to the Count, and shook him soundly.

He woke with a start.

Being a single man, he was not used to having his day-dreams so rudely put to flight.

While she had waited, the lady had put up her veil, and now stood revealed.

The astonished Count had never before beheld his guest—had never seen her in his life.

"I beg your pardon for shaking you, Count Platoff, but nothing else would wake you. My brother sent me to tell you that he cannot leave St. Petersburg at present. My mother is dying."

As she said the last words, the visitor's voice grew husky, and large tears sprang to her soft, dark eyes.

"God bless me, Alexis! Dear me, I'm sorry. Very sorry."

Whether Vassili was sorry that Alexis had a sister, or whether he was sorry that this identical lady who had shaken him was Alexis' sister, was never correctly ascertained.

He sat up, and pushed his white hair into shape, and then suddenly remembered that his visitor was standing.

He sprang up, and placed a chair for her, and the girl looked up at him, for she was struck by his vast proportions.

"Alexis' mother dying? I cannot tell you how very sorry I am. Poor Alexis; he is a good, brave fellow!"

"Thank you, Count Platoff. But I must go. I must walk home, and it will soon be dark."

"Don't go yet. You are Alexis' sister, and must be my friend. Let me look at you. Your are like your brother."

The girl was handsome.

Her hair and eyes were dark, and her features regular, and her skin brown, with a flush on her cheeks and a warm crimson in the lips.

She was twenty-two, and her tall form was rounded, yet slender.

She looked the embodiment of health and grace.

Her voice came deep and musical from the full throat and wide chest, and she seemed the sort of a woman who never thought of her nervous system.

"What is your name?" asked Vassili, gazing at his visitor with renewed interest, when he saw what manner of woman she was.

"My name is Zouboff," the girl replied simply.

"Zouboff! A good old Russian name! I will walk home with you, Zouboff. Come, let us go."

* * * * * *

Vassili reached Dago one evening as the sun was setting.

Zoe came down to meet him on the beach.

She had grown tall and lovely.

Her dark curls fell nearly to her slight waist and she seemed in perfect health, though she was so slight, so fairy-like, in her beauty.

"Ah, my dear uncle!" she cried, springing into his arms, and clasping him round the neck, while she fairly smothered him with kisses.

"Yes, Zoe, your uncle has come back again. Are you a little glad to see him?"

Zoe hugged him closer as an answer.

"Why don't you ask about your old friend Alexis, Zoe?"

A deep sudden blush crossed the young girl's cheek.

Vassili saw it, and a suspicion crossed his mind, but was instantly dismissed with the thought:

"She is but a child. It cannot be."

Vassili walked slowly up to the Castle, holding his niece by the hand. Bright glad faces met his eye on every side, for he was beloved by young and old.

Inside the Castle, Annette stood near the door, looking her warm welcome. She wore a high white cap, short blue jacket, and bright striped skirt.

Near her was poor Aimee. Vassili was much surprised to see her, as she rarely descended the great stairs.

Aimee looked about her, with slight curiosity, and appeared to take some interest in what was going on.

"Is your mother better, Zoe?" inquired Count Platoff.

"Yes, much better; the other day she watched Fidele jumping, and she laughed at him just as I would."

"I am delighted to hear it. Where is Pere Hieronimo?"

"Here I am, Count Platoff. You are welcome home. Thank God that you are still spared to us," said the priest, coming forward.

Supper was spread in the red room, and Vassili enjoyed the quiet comfort of home intensely, after the hard life he had lived for the past three years.

The room looked warm and home-like, and the talk of the supper table was merry, though Vassili had passed so many sad months since he sat there.

Baron Sternberg did the most of the talking; he had, of course, answered the Imperial ukase, and gone to the Crimea, but being wounded very severely in the first engagement, he had been invalided, and returned to Dago.

He had only recovered his health sufficiently to walk about on a crutch, but he was exceedingly cheerful, and a great favorite at Castle Platoff.

"Where is Alexis?" asked the Baron, when the meal was nearly over; "I forgot to ask for him. What a noble fellow he is! How well he has behaved."

"Yes, indeed," replied Vassili, heartily. "He is one of the bravest men we have. He is staying in St. Petersburg at present. I waited for him two whole days, as I did not wish to come home without him; but poor Alexis had to remain in the city; his mother is very ill, not expected to live, and of course he could not leave her."

"Of course not. What are they? his people I mean."

Vassili played with his tea-spoon, for a minute, before replying.

"They are just like Alexis. I did not see the mother, but his sisters are fine-looking, noble girls. Just the sort of sisters one would like to have."

Zoe listened to this conversation with breathless interest. Though she had not seen Alexis for three years, she remembered him well.

His image was fresh in her mind, her uncle had often written to Zoe during the war, and every letter had been full of accounts of Alexis' gallant deeds.

No wonder the young girl had half-unconsciously grown to regard him as a hero, and look forward to seeing him again as the brightest dream of her life.

Alexis had appeared to her just as her mind was forming, and appeared as the new happy life opened up to her, so he seemed a part of it, as much as Vassili himself.

Now, the coming home was robbed of half its joys, for Alexis was absent.

The tall, strong form, the grave, yet kindly face, and the deep musical voice, all remembered so well, and thought of so fondly; had they passed from her for ever?

She was so proud of him, too. And he, perhaps he had forgotten her?

As Zoe thought of this, something came up in her throat, and tears sprang to her eyes.

She slipped quietly out of the room, and away to her own chamber.

A beautiful silver lamp burnt before the Madonna, and she looked so mild, so gentle, that Zoe instantly felt calmed, as she gazed on the Heavenly face.

"Oh! Marie mere!" she cried, falling on her knees. "Forgive me, that I repine. Should I not rather be thankful that my dear uncle has returned?"

On every side of this, her own room, were mementoes of Alexis. Book-shelves he had made for her, books they had studied together, a bird he had caught and tamed for her, and pictures framed by his clever hands.

Zoe glanced around on all her treasures, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed aloud. "If he had not forgotten me quite. If he had only sent me one little word."

Zoe subdued her grief well, after the first night, but she was quieter than usual, and Sternberg often teased her to know why.

"What has come to you, Zoe? you never laugh," said the Baron, one day, when he found her sitting in the red room looking sadly out of the window.

"Nothing, Baron Sternberg. Nothing ails me. I am not a child now, so I must not be always laughing. It is silly."

"Yes, Zoe, but you are too quiet. I am afraid you are ill, or fretting about some-

thing, though what it can be I cannot imagine."

He sat down by her, and took her hand in his. Rosy blushes mantled on Zoe's face; she was thunderstruck by Sternberg's remark, and fairly trembled for fear he should guess the cause of her sadness.

Zoe was very lovely, her skin was so clear, her eyes so beautiful. She sat with those deep blue eyes cast down, the long dusky lashes lying on the pale cheeks, for the flush of color had died away; her profile was turned to Sternberg, and he was looking at her as he had never done before.

He marked her beauty, he noticed the delicate tracery of blue veins on her temple, the dainty contrast of the silky black hair with the white brow and snowy neck, the proud arch of the eyebrow, and the sweet sensitive curve of the young soft lips. He sighed deeply; why, he scarcely knew himself.

Somehow he felt so old beside this child, and suddenly a feeling sprang up in his heart that he would like to take this pure young girl to himself—to cherish and protect her, to guard her with such tender love that the wind of Heaven would never visit the lovely face too roughly.

She was so slight, so fragile; the tiny hand he held in his lay on his broad palm like a snow-drop.

Zoe was silent; she was very fond of Sternberg. Indeed, the kindly genial Baron was dear to her heart; next to Vassili she loved him, but she was afraid he might suspect her love for Alexis, so she was constrained and shy beneath his searching gaze.

"Zoe, tell me if anything has troubled you, dear child. You love me, do you not?"

"Yes, indeed, Baron Sternberg!" said Zoe, earnestly, lifting her calm, innocent eyes to his.

Again he looked at her, strangely, and Zoe blushed; she knew not why.

"Zoe, dear Zoe. You must tell me why you are sad. I would die before you should suffer one day of unhappiness," said the Baron, warmly.

"Thank you; you are too good, too kind," the girl murmured.

Sternberg was a soldier; he had never married, because he had never loved. He had seen but little of Court life, and his experience in love affairs was small.

He found out all in a moment, that he loved Zoe, and he determined to ask her to marry him.

He was old, but he sagely reflected she had seen very few young men. She knew him well; he was a friend of her uncle's, and he was certain of Vassili's consent.

"Zoe! You are very young, but you know me well. Do you think you love me well enough to live with me all your life?"

Zoe felt rather surprised at this question, but she knew her uncle had often invited the Baron to come and live with them at Platoff, as Sternberg was a lonely place, and the Baron a lonely man.

Now she supposed he was about to accept the invitation, and she felt rejoiced. He would always be there, the cheerful old man, with his jolly good-tempered laugh, and his fresh sun-burnt face. She was very glad indeed, and turned to him joyfully, saying:

"Oh! yes, indeed I could. I am so glad."

The Baron was a little puzzled; it was not quite the answer he expected, but still it was an answer that none but the most unreasonable man on earth could find fault with, and Sternberg was not an unreasonable man, so he was contented.

"Dear little Zoe! My dear little one. Kiss me, Zoe."

The young girl obeyed. She raised her sweet young face to his without the slightest reluctance.

He had often kissed her before; but never as he kissed her now. Sternberg clasped her passionately in his arms, and covered her sweet pale face with tender kisses.

Zoe was surprised at such an embrace. She pushed him away, and flushing deeply, rose from her seat and left the room.

The Baron went at once to Vassili, who sat in his study, perusing his letters which had just arrived.

"Ah! Platoff. I have news for you, better than any you have there."

As he spoke, Sternberg threw himself into a chair near his friend.

Vassili looked up quickly; Sternberg's face was flushed, and his blue eyes were bright with happiness. What could have happened?

"What news?" asked Vassili.

"Good news, old friend: but, tell me, have you heard from Alexis?"

"Yes. Alexis and his two sisters will be with us the day after to-morrow."

"You don't say so? Is the old lady gone?"

"Yes, dead and buried, poor old lady. Now for your news, Sternberg?"

Vassili sat waiting, in eager expectancy, but the Baron fidgeted about, blushed like a girl, and was silent.

"Let me hear it, Sternberg. What is the matter, man?"

"What should be the matter? Vassili, do you like me? do you respect me?"

"Of course! Are you mad, to ask it?"

"Vassili, I love Zoe, and she has consented to marry me."

"What!" cried Platoff, springing from his seat. "What are you saying? A child like Zoe?"

Vassili eyed the Baron, as if he would fain have added, "An old man like you," but did not, out of respect for his feelings.

"Zoe is sixteen," said Sternberg, pleadingly. "She is sixteen, and she says she loves me, and is willing to pass her life with me."

Vassili sat down again, and ran his hands through his snowy curls, pondering deeply.

"Surely, Platoff, you will not refuse your consent. I know what you think. You think I am too old, but believe me, I will love that child, and she will be happy with me.

"I will give her everything she wishes; it will be my dearest wish to see her happy."

Vassili looked at his old friend, as he pleaded thus, and his heart smote him for seeming to treat Sternberg unkindly.

The Baron was not young, but that was not his fault; he was handsome, and kind, and brave, and, as he himself said, would treat Zoe kindly.

"I consent, Sternberg, with all my heart. The only reason I hesitated was because she is so young.

"That, however, is no objection; she loves you, and you love her. Take her, old friend, and with her, my warm love and blessing."

As he spoke, Vassili rose, and with Russian effusion, kissed Sternberg warmly on the cheek.

"Come, let us find Zoe and talk it over with her," said he, and they left the study to do so.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

MENTION has been made of Princess Wittgenstein, the mother of Constantine. She was a stern and unbending Russian aristocrat; and the hardest blow she had ever received in her life, was the news of her son's marriage.

Her only son married, without her consent. And to a peasant!

The Princess lived on a small estate in the province of Iwer. She lived in the greatest seclusion, her only intimate friend being the Abbess of a nunnery in the neighborhood.

The Abbess, like herself, was a high-born lady, and though one of the principles of the Greek church, is the teaching of humility, the Superior was by no means humble.

Princess Wittgenstein would scarcely have made a friend of her had she been of a lowly mind, but, although the recluse had renounced forever the pomps and vanities of the world, she was still keenly alive to the distinctions of rank and station.

The Princess heard, unmoved, of the death of her grandson; but the sad ending of her only son's life broke up the stony heart.

She had not written a line to him, save one angry letter, since his marriage. She had not heard from him for nearly a twelvemonth.

He was dead! her only son, the tall strong youth of whom she had been so proud. Oh! how her cold heart ached, for hard as it was, it was a mother's heart.

The sad news reached her one evening just as she was about to retire for the night. The letter was in the handwriting of her son's confessor, and it bore a large black seal.

The white thin hands of the old aristocrat trembled as she tore it open. She knew the sad news it contained. Yes, she was certain that Constantine had fallen to rise no more.

She read the letter. The calm, awful old woman, her white, still face, her fierce glaring eyes, frightening the servants as they stood breathless around her.

She read it through, then she raised her white trembling hand on high, and bitterly she cursed the woman who had parted her son from her.

It was an awful thing to see her—a fearful thing to hear her, the bereaved mother, curse her dead son's wife.

"Send for the Abbess," she said, and rose from the seat on which she had flung herself.

She attempted to cross the room, waving back a servant who tried to assist her, but she fell before she had taken a dozen steps, and the hushed, fear-stricken serfs carried her to her room and laid her down on her couch.

She lay still, but her thin ashy lips moved as if she talked, and the wild eyes stared blankly before her.

The Abbess came, and they were left alone together—the recluse in the plain black dress, with the huge golden cross on her breast, and the grim, white-faced woman, stricken to the proud heart by the hand of God.

What passed between them no one knew. The Abbess remained with her friend all night.

She left her early the next morning, and as she passed out, the servants noticed that her eyes were red and swollen, as if she had wept.

Princess Wittgenstein never left her room again. Her confessor, her physician and the Abbess, were her only visitors; others came, but were not admitted.

She had no other friends at Iwer, but her high rank, her pious life, had inspired universal respect; and crowds of people called daily to inquire for her.

Great was the astonishment of the household, one evening, when the Abbess descended to the servants' hall, and announced the expected arrival of the Princess Feodora, the widow of Prince Constantine.

"Let the guest-chamber be prepared for the Princess, and a room be got ready for her maid."

The housekeeper courtesied, and inquired when her Highness was expected.

"To-morrow, at three o'clock," replied the Abbess, and she returned to the apartment of the Princess without another word.

The servants were lost in amazement. Surely this was strange; the hated woman, who had humbled the proud Princess lying upstairs, an invited guest, received with honor.

The old priest, the Princess' confessor, solved the mystery. He requested to see the housekeeper; and briefly explained to her, that, as Prince Constantine had died without issue, the next heir, Count Anthony Wittgenstein, had taken possession of the Palace in St. Petersburg, and all the estates, with the exception of the estate at Iwer—it being the jointure-house of the old Princess.

Princess Feodora was therefore perfectly dependent on her mother-in-law, and had written to her for instructions.

The old man sighed as he finished his recital—sighed, and shook his head sadly, saying, half to himself, half to the housekeeper.

"Ah, this unhappy house!"

The servants waited anxiously, next day, for three o'clock to come, for they were very curious on the subject of the Princess Feodora.

They had heard reports of her marvellous beauty, and they knew how she was detested by their mistress.

"Poor young thing!" said the old priest to the Abbess, as they sat in the reception-room, waiting her arrival.

"Poor young woman! here will be a sad life. She has lost her child and her husband, and has now to live on the bounty of one who hates her."

Before the recluse could reply, the roll of carriage wheels up the avenue announced the arrival of the Princess.

The priest went out to the great door to meet her.

A lady, dressed in the very deepest mourning, descended the carriage steps, and turned to him.

Her face was perfectly invisible, being covered by her heavy crape veil, but her voice struck him at once, it was so sweet, so soft, so musical.

"I am the Princess Wittgenstein," she said, in low, melancholy accents.

The priest bowed.

"I am Father Angelo, the confessor of your mother," he replied.

She made a gentle obeisance, and they entered the house.

The abbess eyed the newcomer keenly, but not one trace of her countenance was visible.

This gave the Princess the advantage of being able to read the faces of the others while her own was concealed.

"Would you like to go to your own apartment, or shall I conduct you to the Princess?" inquired the abbess.

"I will go to my own room first, if you please. I am very fatigued after my long journey."

The two ladies ascended the stairs together and the abbess left the stranger in the large handsome bed-chamber, where her maid was waiting to attend her, and entered the apartment of the old Princess.

"Well!" said the old woman, with eager impatience. "Well! what is she like?"

The abbess sat down and took the white thin hand in hers.

"She is tall and very slight, and she has a soft, sweet voice, but her face is covered, for she is a widow, poor thing!"

A slight shiver passed over the Princess, and her still face grew a shade paler.

"You did not see the face that stole away my only son from me?—the vain, deceitful face that has haunted my dreams? Surely you caught a glimpse of it? Tell me, is there not a black spot on her cheek there—low down? Black, black as her heart! That spot is on the dream face, the fair devilish face!"

The old woman fairly screamed out the last words, but the abbess held up her hand warningly.

"Hush! hush! The evil one is tempting you. Listen. Resist him!"

These simple words calmed the trembling old woman.

She sank back among her pillows exhausted.

Feodora sat in her own room, sipping a cup of tea which had been sent up by the housekeeper, who was mindful of the young widow's long journey and probable headache.

She had changed little since last we saw her.

Her bright, glossy hair is partly concealed by her widow's cap, but her face is as lovely as ever, in fact, its rare beauty has increased, for the slight, pensive expression is an additional charm.

A gentle tap at the door caused the beautiful widow to look up.

"Come in," she said softly softly.

The door opened, and the abbess entered.

She gazed at the lovely face before her, and her eyes opened wide with an expression of horror, for, on the fair smooth face of the stranger there was a spot as black as ink—the black spot of the old Princess' dreams.

"Are you rested?" the abbess inquired, in rather a cold tone.

"Yes, quite rested, thank you," said the widow.

"Will you come to the Princess?"

"Yes, at once."

They left the room and crossed the wide marble floor of the hall, then descended three wide stone steps, and a high doorway was at the foot.

This was the entrance of the Princess' own apartments.

The abbess noiselessly opened the door and then the inside of red baize.

The room was excessively warm, and the atmosphere was heavy with perfume.

Thick crimson curtains hung before the deep, old-fashioned windows, and the light was dim; a fire burnt in the stove, and a lamp of scented oil before an exquisite Madonna.

The floor was covered with a rich old Turkey carpet, wine-colored, and so soft and thick that the feet sank into its mossy texture and made no sound.

The furniture was of ebony, inlaid with silver, and of a quaint by-gone fashion.

The bed was an antique structure, with three steps up to it, a sort of combination of throne and catafalque, it was also of ebony and silver, and its high canopy was hung with dark crimson velvet curtains, and ornamented with black plumes.

On this hearse-like edifice a woman lay.

Her face was white as the pillow on which it rested, her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, rendered it still more ghastly from the contrast its jetty hue presented to the cold, marble-like color of her skin.

Her eyes were very dark, and they looked out from over-hanging brows with a fierce glare as they met those of her daughter-in-law.

Feodora could scarcely discern the face of this woman in the dim fading light, but she saw that it bore no friendly look.

She stood silently waiting for the Princess to speak.

"Are you the woman who stole my only son's heart from me?" asked the awful old woman on the hearse-like bed.

"I am your son's widow," said the young lovely woman quietly.

Again there was silence in the darkened gloomy room with the scented air that was hard to breathe.

The fierce-eyed woman on the bed panted and glared at the slight, black-robed form beside her.

She looked at the fair face, she marked the black spot—that silence was the lull before the tempest, the strange, nameless hush before the storm.

"Why have I sent for you, peasant-born fiend?"

Feodora's fair face grew just a trifle paler, and her sweet young lips wreathed themselves into a scornful smile.

"I know not, Madame la Princess," she returned, quietly.

"Well, listen! To curse you! To curse your fair deceitful face! Stop, fiend!—do not go. Listen to me. I have never seen you before in my life, but your face has been before me, day and night, as I have lain here mourning for my son, my only son, brave noble boy! You robbed me of him, fiend! I curse your beauty. May it be a snare to you, as it was to him. May your vanity prove your death! No, friend, do not shake your head at me!"

These last words were addressed to the abbess, who vainly tried to stem the torrent of the old woman's wrath.

She lay back trembling more than ever, her emaciated white hand raised, the long, lean forefinger, pointing at Feodora.

"Thank you, madame," said Feodora, with a deep, dangerous light in her dark Southern eyes. "Thank you! I am your son's widow, and I am penniless save for your bounty. Had I known you before my marriage, my love for him (you need not smile, Madame la Princess, he loved me, better than he loved you,) nay, nor his rank, would not have tempted me to marry him!"

As she finished speaking, Feodora turned as if to leave the room, but a sudden fearful cry from the hearse-like bed made her pause.

An awful change had come over the Princess, her face was twitching and quivering, and its color had changed from ghastly white to a pale blue, fearful to behold! her eyes rolled in her head, and white froth gathered on her lips.

Her hand was still uplifted, the terrible forefinger still pointed at Feodora, and awful curses were muttered by the quivering ashy lips.

A frightful sight!

It struck even the cold heart of Feodora with dismay.

"Leave the room," said the abbess sternly, and Feodora obeyed.

She went out, softly closing the doors behind her, and breathed more freely when out of the horrible darkness, the warm, suffocating, perfumed air.

As she hurried away she met a tall slight gentleman, with a pale, handsome face.

He looked hard at her, and bowed politely as she passed him.

Feodora instinctively guessed that this was the doctor.

At the door of her own apartment she met Valerie.

The lively Frenchwoman had a sort of frightened look on her brown face, as if she had been hearing strange accounts of her new home.

"Madame, are you ready for supper? They dine early here, and this is supper hour. The Princess has not left her own room since she heard the news of monsieur's death."

"I know that. I am ready for supper or anything else. Lead the way to it."

They proceeded along the hall, which was fast growing dark, as the dying gleams of daylight fell through the stained windows on the black and white mosaic floor.

As they walked on, they heard a bell ring violently, and met a number of servants hurrying towards the room.

"Have you seen the old Princess?" inquired Valerie.

"Yes, I have had that pleasure," replied her mistress, with curling lips.

When they reached the supper room it was deserted.

A table was spread with a plain but elegant and abundant meal.

Feodora sat down near a window, and gazed out abstractedly.

She felt that this could not be a home to her.

Still she had no other.

She was a Princess, but never in all her life had she been so destitute.

She was without a home and without a friend!

What was to become of her.

Her father?

She knew not what had become of him.

Her uncle Guido?

She had his card somewhere.

Surely she had not lost it.

She would write to him that very night, before she slept.

"Valerie! Are you there?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Go up to my room, and search in my desk for the card of monsieur, my uncle."

As Feodora sat gazing out, darkness came down, and gathered about her like a cloak.

She rose and rang a bell.

Footsteps hurried along the hall, and a servant entered with a lamp in his hand.

"Pardon, madame, you are sitting in the dark," he said, letting the curtains fall together and shutting out the dewy darkness of the night.

"Yes, where are the good people who are to eat this supper?" inquired Feodora, glad to have even a serf to talk with, after her long solitude.

"Is it indeed possible that madame is unaware of what is going on up there?" asked the man, solemnly.

"Yes, I have not the faintest idea."

"Madame, you strike me with surprise. The Princess is dying! The doctor says she cannot live an hour."

Feodora felt cold all over.

The awful change she had seen come over the old woman was the shadow of death.

She shuddered.

"Ah, madame, you look ill," said the serf, kindly.

He was the half-porter; he was obliged to remain downstairs alone, and the poor fellow was as superstitious as all of his race, so he was thankful to have some one to keep him company.

"I am tired, and cold, and hungry!" said Feodora.

"Let me give you some hot tea, some nice buttered rusks. Oh! this death is a terrible thing, it makes some people forget to eat. I do not like it to come to the house I am in."

The porter poured out the tea and placed it on the end of the table next the stove.

Feodora sat down and was waited on by this poor serf, who was the only one in Iwer who had said a kind word to the stranger.

She felt grateful to him, and Ivan often spoke in after years of the night on which he waited on table for the beautiful Princess Feodora.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lillie's Trial.

BY P. B. ST. JOHN.

LIGHTS, flowers, music—all that can tempt the eye and flatter the imagination.

Sir Sidney Dalton is giving the great ball of the London season.

He is a banker, a merchant connected with the Indian trade, and his commercial operations are almost colossal.

He has, unfortunately, no son, only nephews, who will be remembered in his will.

With him the bank will end, as he soon intends to realize his assets, purchase landed property, and become a country gentleman.

His only child is Lillie, a lovely girl of eighteen, the beauty and belle of the season.

He had wished to unite her in marriage with his nephew Arthur, his confidential manager who possesses his sole confidence. But Lillie likes him not; her affections are given to a certain Captain Vaughan, a gentleman of moderate fortune and good family, but heir presumptive to an earldom.

Mr. Richard Dalton, Arthur's father, is a country banker, and owes much of his success to his connection with his brother's firm.

A name goes a long way in the commercial world as well as the world of fashion.

All the disposable rank and fashion of the season is present, and Lillie has hard work to do to give her lover more than two dances.

But he is satisfied, for he knows her true and loyal heart, and he has patience.

It is late before Richard and Arthur Dalton appear on the scene.

They have been detained at the bank late. An Indian mail had come in, and all answers had to be written that night.

Both father and son looked haggard and pale, as if worn out with fatigue.

It was natural, so no one took any notice of what there was an obvious reason for.

Captain Edward Vaughan took Lillie in to supper, Arthur scowling furiously.

"Wait," he muttered to himself; "pride will have a fall."

And he rubbed his hands with a bitter and ferocious scowl that did not sit well upon the countenance of a not bad-looking young man of twenty-eight.

The festivities were kept up until a very late, or rather early, hour, and then the guests retired.

Lillie went to bed the happiest girl, perhaps, in all London.

She did not come down to the late breakfast which was served to Sir Sidney. That gentleman was rather tired, it is true, but he was never late at the bank.

His hour was twelve.

At that precise moment every day his carriage might be seen in Throgmorton-street. On this occasion he alighted with his usual elastic step, and went in.

Several special letters awaited him, which he perused, and then Mr. Arthur Dalton entered. He appeared rather uneasy and puzzled.

"Anything the matter?" asked Sir Sidney.

"Only that there are an unusually heavy lot of draughts on us from India," was the reply; "more, I fancy, if they come in as I suspect they will, than we can pay without assistance."

"Assistance!" said the banker, proudly; "I presume we can raise half a million on our floating securities."

"Certainly, Sir Sidney," was the reply.

"Take what you require—go straight to the band of England, and meet everything," the city man continued, rather nettled.

Mr. Arthur bowed, and went out of the room without a word. He returned in a moment, pale, white, shivering.

"What ails you, man?" cried the alarmed banker.

"The safe is empty. It has been opened, and all available securities stolen," was the half inarticulate reply.

"Great heavens!" was all Sir Sidney could say, and leaned back, fainting, in his chair.

"Shall I fetch a doctor?" inquired Arthur.

"No, sir. Give me brandy, and close the door," was the stern response.

He was obeyed.

"How much do you want to tide over today?" asked Sir Sidney, coldly.

"About fifty thousand," answered Arthur rather confused at his calmness.

"Here is a cheque on the bank of England," continued Sir Sidney; "send Morgan, and do you fetch Gregg, the detective."

Arthur went out to obey orders, leaving Sir Sidney alone. He was truly struck down in his pride.

The securities, stocks, consolidated funds, and other easily transferable securities were to the extent of half a million. If gone, he was a ruined man. He could pay all his debts, but there would be nothing left for himself or child.

Arthur and Mr. Gregg soon came, and the whole story was told to the world-renowned detective.

He listened without making any remark, and then asked to see the safe.

The banker and his manager led him to the room in which it was placed, surrounded by tin boxes on shelves.

"How many keys are there of it?" inquired the detective.

"Two," replied Sir Sidney. "I hold one, my nephew here, Mr. Arthur, the other."

"Where is your key, Sir Sidney?" asked the detective, quietly.

The banker turned pale as he looked in his purse and saw it was not there.

"I must, in the hurry of the ball, have forgotten," said Sir Sidney. "Come back to my room."

They did so, and on Sir Sidney seating himself he found his drawer open and the key beside his cheque-book.

"Were you in here last night, Arthur?" inquired the astonished baronet.

"No; we were all too busy answering letters for this morning's mail," said Arthur. "We were coming and going all the evening."

"Was my door open this morning?" inquired the banker, earnestly.

"It was," emphatically responded Arthur.

"Then heaven help us!" said the unhappy man.

"We have no clue, no trace. We must offer a stupendous reward, and then set all the detective talent in London to watch."

This was agreed on, and the detective retired a much richer man than he was an hour before, to begin active researches.

The banker had a long conference with Arthur and then went out. The nephew went to this private room, and there was for some time closeted with his father.

The news spread like wildfire, and, as usual, was exaggerated.

There was a rush on the bank, but only as it closed. Next day a money article in all the papers assured everybody they would be paid, and there was a lull in the storm. But Sir Sidney Dalton did not appear at the bank. He was too ill.

When Captain Edward Vaughan called, he found Lillie very much distressed, both at her father's illness and the rumors which had reached her ears.

"You do not look well, my dear Lillian," said the young officer, gently.

"My father is very ill," she answered; "this shameful robbery has upset him. Papa says that he hopes to pay all; but we shall have a bare competency. Under these circumstances, Captain Vaughan, our engagement must be considered at an end."

"Lillian," cried the gallant soldier, "do not insult me. That you are not an heiress is, to a certain extent, a source of congratulation. Never think so meanly of me. I am not a rat," he said, smiling, "to desert a sinking ship."

If anything could have made Lillie love him more, it was this manly generosity. She said nothing, however, and soon after the officer, fearing to intrude, retired.

That night the banker merchant died, to the inexpressible grief of his daughter.

She was utterly overwhelmed with grief, and would see nobody.

So the days passed until the funeral. It was well attended, but few remained to hear the reading of the will.

Lillian Dalton, Captain Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dalton, Arthur, and the lawyer, were the only persons present, save the butler.

The will was brief. To Lillie he left nothing but her mother's moderate fortune. He mentioned all his servants liberally.

Then all else was left to Richard and Arthur Dalton in trust for his brothers. They were to carry on the bank or not, as they thought proper.

If at the end of a year the missing securities were not found, they were to realise and pay Lillie all that they could.

"We will carry it on," said Richard, in a pompous tone; "rely upon it we shall find them. I have means——"

"But your own bank?" said the son.

"My partner will take it off my hands" the other replied. "My sole thought will be to restore the prestige of the bank in Throgmorton street."

"Thank you, uncle," half sobbed Lillie.

Mrs. Dalton consoled her and then the small party adjourned to the dining-room, where a solemn luncheon was laid.

Captain Vaughan left early.

He saw how deeply Lillie was affected. Next day when he called, the bills of a sale were up, all the servants had left, and no one knew what had become of Lillie.

She had taken refuge with her uncle and aunt after exacting a promise that her address was to be made known to no one under any pretence whatever.

She then removed to their very handsome and stylish house in Kensington, where she determined to bury herself and her misfortunes.

Captain Vaughan tried all he could to find her address, wrote to her through her relatives, but could get no clue. Then, he too, disappeared as wholly as if he had never been.

Lillie was domesticated with her uncle, aunt, cousin Arthur, two girl cousins, Ellen and Mary, the former a splendidly showy girl of twenty, the latter a more delicate girl of sixteen.

They were not unamiable, but they had cause to believe themselves the head of the family.

Ellen regarded her father as the banker, and Lillie little more than a dependent. But the mother was a good kind woman, so all had to treat her with the most perfect respect.

Arthur resumed his attentions, but in a very tender and delicate way, which could not offend.

But Lillie was not to be moved, at all events at present.

The death of her father was too recent, while the chivalry of Edward Vaughan was a thing not easily to be forgotten.

Meanwhile there had been changes in the bank. Three of the head clerks had been dismissed under pretence of their high salaries, and been replaced by three others from the country.

One of these came very strongly recommended by a country banking firm. He was a fine, tall young man, with huge goggle spectacles and heavy whiskers.

But he wrote a neat hand, was good at figures, and devoted to business. He was never a minute late, and never offered to leave until the exact instant.

Arthur found him invaluable.

Since his uncle's death he ceased to be quite so assiduous at business.

He was a young man very fond of society in every sense of the word, both parties and operas.

He was said to keep a little house in St. John's Wood in very good style, but then it was only whispered, and men will be so censorious.

He sought on one or two occasions to make friends with Samuel Turner, the new clerk, but he soon found that that individual was a little too staid for him.

He was always ready at his beck and call in business hours.

In fact, he seemed to know by intuition when he was wanted, and presented himself at Arthur's elbow in the most startling fashion.

"Sharp chap that Samuel Turner," said the father. "I wish you would be as attentive to business."

"Why should I be?" inquired Arthur, with a cold and bitter sneer.

"One never knows what may happen," was the father's sarcastic response. "Do you make any way with Lillie?"

"None as yet," was his surly rejoinder.

"Then I should advise you to do so," was the father's reply. "The sooner the better. Five months have elapsed already."

"There is plenty of time," sneered Arthur and went off in his neat little brougham to dine with his divinity, and take her to the opera.

"That boy will spoil all," muttered Mr. Richard Dalton. "Eh, Turner, what is it?"

"Telegram from Burns, Manchester," he calmly answered. "Got a fine cargo general Indian goods. Will be in within a week, fully insured. Sell you a thousand under immediate cash—invoice by post."

"Buy," dryly responded Richard.

Turner bowed and went out.

"That fellow goes about like a cat or a detective," growled Richard Dalton. "I wonder if he heard anything! But then, honest yokel as he is, if he did hear he would not understand."

Honest yokel! Oh, yes, Mr. Richard Dalton, a very finished specimen of the honest yokel.

The clerk made no answer, but obeyed orders, and remained plodding until six.

When he left the bank, he took a cab, and drove to the office of Mr. Detective Gregg.

This might have slightly surprised and even annoyed Messrs. Dalton, senior and junior.

Leaving this tangled web to be unwoven, let us return to Lillie.

Deep in her heart as in her dress was her mourning. Nothing would move her to join in any game of amusement.

She took her meals with her relatives, she was very amiable to them, indeed, but refused to be present when any visitors were expected.

She repelled the passionate suit of Arthur with calmness.

She told him, once for all, that her heart was buried in her father's grave, and in that of the lover whom she would see no more.

"Marry him I cannot. Ours is, to a certain extent, a dishonored name," she said. "Some have suffered——"

"Lillie," cried Arthur; earnestly, "if you will only be my wife, I promise that the bank shall rise as high as ever. Industry can repair all, even the loss of half a million."

"Do it, Arthur," she answered, "and expect everything from my gratitude—nothing from my love. That is a thing of the past."

And Arthur, for reasons of his own, was quite content with the promise.

"You will be my wife before the year is out," he said, enthusiastically.

Lillie shook her head.

Next morning at breakfast, which was an early affair, and at which all had to be present, Mr. Dalton made rather a startling statement.

"I have a letter from Captain Edward Vaughan, now Lord Minton," he said. "He wants to be admitted to our family circle."

"Oh, uncle!" cried Lillie.

"Well, my dear, he says nothing about you," continued Richard Dalton, bluntly. "He refers only to my family."

"You will keep my secret?" gasped Lillie.

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it," responded her uncle, whilst Arthur's dark frown relaxed; "but still——"

"I shall never renew old acquaintances," was the cold response. "Such recollections are painful," she added, and the subject was dropped.

In due time Edward Lord Minton came to dinner.

He was one of those men who looked well in black, and on the spot Ellen's heart went out to him.

Why not? She was a very fine, even magnificent girl, her father was rich, and the fortunes of the Dalton family might be retrieved.

Father and son were working hard. They had inspired confidence in the commercial world, and that is everything.

All claims had been met promptly, and money was never wanting.

A firm that could go on after a loss of half a million was a firm, and no mistake.

All looked serene and lively. There was not a cloud in the sky.

Lord Minton often dropped in to luncheon came occasionally in the evening, and dined once a week for a month.

What else could it mean except that he was smitten by Ellen?

There could be no other meaning, and all the family became proportionately elated. Father and son were proud, indeed.

Ellen was in the seventh heaven of delight, while Arthur saw the prospective advantages of having a lord and prospective earl as a brother-in-law.

Of course, Lillie heard all from sweet and gentle Mary.

But she murmured not. It was, she presumed, the way of the world.

She had lost her money, and Ellen was in a fair way to win it back for herself.

Hence even an earl might be influenced by filthy lucre

But then she had voluntarily resigned Edward Vaughan, turned him away. He had not jilted her. It was the way of the world.

But then it made her think of Arthur Dalton more than she had ever done. Why should she not encourage the love of a faithful and honest man?

Was he not trying to restore the mighty prestige of the family name—that of the Daltons of Throgmorton street?

Yes.

If he asked her again she would accept him. Of course, Edward Lord Minton's conduct had nothing to do with it, certainly not.

But in her secret heart of hearts, she thought it very hard that money should make so great a difference.

Well, time went on.

There was to be a little quiet evening party, at which only a few friends were to be present.

Lord Minton had at the last moment excused himself on the score of unexpected business.

"You must come down, Lillie," said earnest little Mary. "Except relatives, there will be nobody. You can sit quiet in a corner."

"I don't care for it," urged Lillie.

"To oblige me," responded Mary.

"You won't ask me to dance or sing?" said the bereaved daughter earnestly.

"Certainly not," replied Mary.

"Then I will come down," decided Lillie.

It was just one of those innocent, quiet little family affairs which can occur under any circumstances.

Lillie went and seated herself in a corner near the piano, just because there was a couch near there in a darker place than any other in the room.

It was about nine when the gentlemen came in from dinner.

All were a little warm with wine, but Arthur Dalton was slightly elevated. He reeled across the room, and seated himself by the half-terrified Lillie.

"Cousin, dear," he began, in a tolerably clear and very determined manner," I have come to have a serious conversation with you."

And the piano rattled off some waltz which roused all the young people as much as if they had St. Vitus's dance.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile let us return to the bank at the hour of five.

Mr. Dalton and his son Arthur were closeted in the late Sir Sidney's room—what was called the bank parlor. Arthur was a little gloomy.

"This cannot go on much longer," he said. "The sooner we wind up the better. Either

close the bank or put it on its former footing. It must be."

"Why the hurry?" inquired Richard, dryly.

"Because Dennis Morris is getting too rusty," returned Arthur. "Since we got rid of him, and put in that yokel, Samuel Turner, he wants to know too much. Money! — money! — money! Like the horseleech's daughter, he asks for more."

"Well, give him more," advised his father.

"No! He wants a thousand to-night; to-morrow it will be two," snappishly returned Arthur. "Better let the securities be found at once, and defy him."

"Let him have a thousand," the father answered, "and then we will see."

"I want some five thousand myself," the son continued. "You can give me that in consols."

"Very good," said his father. "The clerks will be gone soon."

And they opened a bottle of champagne and drank it off like water.

Then they rang the bell, and Samuel Turner appeared in an instant on the scene.

Mr. Richard had written a check for five thousand dollars.

"Ten five-hundreds," said the banker. "I want to send them off to-night."

Samuel Turner bowed and retired, returning with the amount ordered.

Arthur took possession of it.

At six o'clock all the clerks were, as a rule, out of the bank.

The door was closed, and the porter went upstairs to indulge in tea.

Mr. Dalton and his son rose, and pushing open a small door that opened with a spring descended to the vaults.

Scarcely had they disappeared than from a closet communicating with the head-clerk's room appeared Mr. Detective Gregg and Mr. Samuel Turner. They were armed.

On the track of father and son they went, and were soon in the old vaults of the bank.

The father and son stood over an old safe, the son carrying a lantern, the father a key.

Mr. Richard opened the old safe and took out some documents.

"That is good for five," he said; "but make sure of Lillie in case of accidents. Ellen is pretty safe with Lord Minton."

"I hope so," sneered Arthur, "but I never thought he or Lillie would be so fickle."

The detective and Samuel Turner smiled as they listened.

It was almost too good under the circumstances.

The two men retreated as the banker and his son turned to move upstairs.

They returned to the parlor, put away the keys, finished another bottle and then went home to dress for dinner and the evening party.

Mr. Gregg and Mr. Samuel Turner remained behind.

As soon as the others had departed, they opened the drawer by means of skeleton keys.

Then they descended to the cellar and secured all the valuable documents contained in the safe, which Mr. Samuel Turner coolly put in his pocket, and the two left the bank.

* * * * * *

We left Arthur speaking to Lillie.

"You have half promised to be my wife," said the young man; "your old lover has deserted you because you are poor. I am ever faithful, leal and true. Will you be my wife?"

"I can never love again," she faltered.

"Never mind," he said. "Imagine the old name restored, the debts all paid, the bank as flourishing as ever."

"You promise that?" she said.

"On my soul," he protested.

"Give me a little time, Arthur," she urged. "You know the old love is not quite dead. Give me time, I say, and I will be your wife."

"In a month?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Never," whispered a stern voice, "shall you, Lillie, be the wife of a murderer and a thief!"

And she recognized the voice of Edward Vaughan, Lord Minton, who had entered the ball-room unobserved.

"My lord," cried Arthur, angrily, "how dare you speak thus?"

"I repeat," exclaimed Lord Minton, in a loud tone, "that you are an assassin and a thief. Send all away but those of your own family."

Arthur tremulously obeyed.

The guests fled as if from a pestilence.

"What does it all mean?" blustered Richard Dalton, when they were alone.

"That you robbed the bank, you and your son," was the stern response. "I, Lord Minton, am also Samuel Turner. This is Mr. Gregg, the detective. This packet contains all that is left of the half million. Here is the will leaving everything to Lillie Dalton. What have you to say, assassins and thieves?"

The two men stood transfixed with astonishment and terror.

Lillie was unable to speak; Mrs. Dalton had fainted, while Ellen looked indignant, and Mary wept.

"You Samuel Turner!" gasped Richard Dalton. "You, my lord, to play the spy and the traitor!"

"Hush, sir, remember there is such a place as the Old Bailey," stornly rejoined the nobleman. "I suspected you from the first. As soon as the funeral was over, I went to Inspector Gregg. Before entering the army, at the wish of my maternal uncle, I passed three years in a bank. When you dismissed the three clerks you feared, including the one who was your accomplice, I applied for the place and got it."

Father and son groaned in bitter anguish.

"From that hour I have watched you," continued the young nobleman. "My duty to Mrs. Dalton nerved me to my disagreeable task. This day I and Mr. Gregg were concealed in the paper closet of the bank parlor. We heard all."

The men groaned bitterly.

"We followed you down to the vaults," the young nobleman went on, "and heard all. We secured the property."

"What seek you now?" asked the father, the son never speaking.

"A full confession, which invalidates the second will," said the young nobleman, pitilessly, "then go away elsewhere."

"If we refuse?" hissed Richard.

"Mr. Inspector Gregg will bring in the police," the other retorted quietly.

"We will confess," the father replied, and the son had to yield.

The confession was written, signed, and witnessed by my lord and the detective.

"I give you forty-eight hours in which to leave England," continued Lord Minton. "Inspector Gregg, will you escort Miss Dalton to the carriage? My mother is in it."

"May I have Mary?" whispered Lillie, clutching her lover's arm.

"Mr. Dalton," said Lord Minton, "your niece would like to have her cousin Mary go with her. Do you consent?"

"Yes," was the sullen reply, "the mother, too, if you are interested in my family."

"Richard," said the broken-hearted wife, "heaven forgive you, but where you go, I shall go."

Ellen was too crushed to speak.

So Lord Minton followed the detective and the girls.

At eleven that night, Lord Minton sat beside Lillie at his mother's supper-table with Mary Dalton.

Their vows had been renewed.

The great banking firm of Dalton and Co. still exists.

At present the sub-partners are Lord and Lady Minton, but there are a few boys growing up who we daresay will have something to say on the part of the bank in days to come.

Not Guilty.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"YOUR man seems very much attached to you, Albert," said Madame Lyme to her nephew, who, together with some of their mutual friends, was paying her a visit at her country-house.

"I found him yesterday morning hanging over you as you slept with a look of the greatest anxiety; I am sure he was alarmed at your sudden illness, though he appeared to wish to hide his feelings."

"I believe the poor fellow is attached to me, and it is not wonderful that he should be, for I am the only friend he has in the world."

"Why, how is that?" said several of the ladies at once.

"Oh, it is a long story."

"Well, tell it then."

"Some other time."

"Oh, no, we must have it now," cried Madame de Clairville, a pretty widow, to whom Albert was paying his addresses. There was, of course, no refusing her, and he began his tale.

"It is now about a twelvemonth since a peasant was taken up on suspicion of having committed a barbarous murder. A farmer and his wife, who were returning from market, were found on the road near Arles murdered in their cart, from which the horse had been taken, and left grazing on the side of the road.

"The gendarmes, in scouring the country, discovered the peasant in another road, but at some distance from the cart. As it was late at night, and he gave no satisfactory reason for being out, they apprehended him; and as the farmer's watch and purse, that were also proved to belong to him, were found upon the man, his guilt seemed certain.

"However, the court, as is always the custom, gave him an advocate to plead his cause, and to my great vexation the lot fell upon me. You know," continued Albert, addressing his aunt, "I never voluntarily plead for any one that I suppose to be guilty—no money would bribe me to do it; but the order of the court was imperative; I dared not refuse it.

"Satisfied as I was of the prisoner's guilt, the sight of him somewhat staggered me, for an honester-looking fellow I never saw in my life. 'Tell me your story,' said I to him, 'as you will tell it to the court; I don't want you to acknowledge the murder to me.'"

"'Murder, indeed!' cried he, very angrily: 'I commit murder! Just go to our village, and ask everybody there whether I ever did an ill-turn to any one in the whole course of my life. Lord bless you! I would not hurt a fly.'

"'But what business had you to be out at that hour of the night? and how did you come by the farmer's watch and purse?'

"'Why, I have now lived these seven years with Mr. Sauvaloy, the toppingest farmer in our village. Babet has lived with him almost as long, and since we were boy and girl together, we always had a liking for one another; so at last we agreed to be married as soon as we could.'

"'Last Saturday night I got my wages, and as I knew that Babet was longing for a new silk handkerchief, I went, when my work was over, to Arles to get her one; but I did not tell anybody, because I wanted to surprise her.'

"'Well, I was going along, when I saw something white and shining lying before me; I picked it up, and that was the watch and two or three minutes after I came upon the purse.'

"'Here's great luck, thinks I, for now to-morrow, when I carry these to Monsieur le Cure, I shall have an opportunity of bringing out about Babet and I. I thought of telling him once or twice before, but somehow I was always shy. Well, monsieur, I was going on quietly, when up came the gendarmes, and in spite of all I could say, they have clapped me up here.'

"If this story did not altogether convince me of his innocence, at least there was an air of truth about it that gave me courage to defend him, and I did it so effectually that he was acquitted.

"The poor fellow's gratitude was excessive; he went back to his employer, and I thought no more about the matter. Ten days afterwards he presented himself to me again; but never was there such a change as these ten days had made.

"I hardly recognised him; he was pale and haggard, with an expression of despair almost of ferocity in his countenance.

"'You thought you did good in saving my life, and I thought so, too; but I wish you hadn't.'

"'My master won't take me back; Babet would not speak to me; nobody will employ me. Oh, I wish you had let them guillotine me!'

"I never was more puzzled in my life. I could not thoroughly convince myself of the fellow's innocence; to recommend him to any one under the circumstances was therefore impossible; to leave him to starve would be most probably the means of driving him into crime.

"In short, the only step I could take to satisfy my conscience, and relieve his necessities, was to take him into my service."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Madame Lyme, "then you have actually brought this wretch under my roof. What a madman you must be! but you will pay dear for it one day.

"I dare say he was thinking of smothering you when I so foolishly fancied he was affectionately watching you as you slept."

"And what a narrow escape we have had," cried Madame de Salvandy; "why it was only yesterday that he went with me and the three Mademoiselles Volney into the woods. What a blessing it is that he did not murder us all."

"And then that wretch has been making love to my chambermaid," said Madame de Clairville, "and the poor girl had actually taken a fancy to him; no doubt he would soon have made away with her."

"I shall soon put it out of his power to murder anybody here," cried Madame Lyme, whose anger was increased by the calmness with which Albert listened to all this; "for I shall give orders this very moment to turn him out. Don't say a word, Albert, he shall go directly."

"So he shall, my dear aunt, if you wish it when you have heard the end of my story."

"The end."

"Yes, the end. During six months I watched poor Francois very closely; every day increased my good opinion of him. About that time some robbers were taken up for a murder in a dwelling house; but being found guilty of that crime, they acknowledged also the murder of the farmer and his wife.

"Hearing the tramp of the gendarmes' horses, they threw away the watch and purse.

"Thus Francois was fully cleared. His old master and Babet came to see him, and begged him to return to them; but he would not. 'I forgive you,' said he, 'but I will never live with you again.' All their entreaties could not alter his resolution.

"I did not plead for the farmer, because I should have been sorry to part with Francois, but I tried to reconcile him to Babet. 'The poor girl really loves you,' said I. 'No,' replied he; 'if she did, she never would have believed me guilty.'

"What a noble sentiment," cried Madame de Clairville; "I protest he deserves my little Josephine."

"You must give her to him," said Madame Lyme, "and I will take care they shall have something to begin with."

"We will all help them," cried the rest of the company.

"Many thanks," said Albert, "but Francois has sworn never to leave me."

He looked at Madame de Clairville, who blushed and was silent.

A month after two weddings were celebrated on the same day. The pretty widow gave her hand to Albert; and Francois in becoming the husband of Josephine still keeps his vow of never quitting his master.

A USEFUL PLANT.—Who does not remember the town-loving old lady who expressed her horror of a country life "because the ivy made all the houses damp?" The old lady did but express the common idea upon the subject; but it is a very erroneous idea nevertheless. The attachment of ivy to walls, so far from injuring them and causing dampness, is an advantage. If the walls are dry, when planted, ivy will keep them so. If damp, as the plant overspreads their surface, the dampness will disappear. Where dampness prevails, ivy sucks out the moisture, and its thick foliage will prevent the access of rain to the structure; and thus it is not only a remover but a preventive of dampness. The only danger attending the planting of ivy on buildings is where fissures occur in the walls, in which case the shoots and roots will enter, and, if left undisturbed, their growth will soon begin to tell upon the building, and will, by increase of growth, push against the sides of the opening, thereby enlarging it, and eventually so weaken the wall as to cause it to fall. Where the wall is sound there is no such danger, for the plant does not make fissures, although quick to discover them.

A TINY silver teapot is a new watch-charm.

Scientific and Useful.

AGAINST RUST.—Iron or steel immersed in a solution of carbonate of potash or soda for a few minutes will not rust for years, not even when exposed to a damp atmosphere.

SPEED OF WINGS.—By a registering apparatus, contrived for the purpose, the frequency of the strokes of the wings of different insects have been determined. It is found that while the common fly vibrates its wings 330 times per second, the honey-bee makes 190 strokes, and the dragon-fly only 28.

HOT WATER AND COWS.—Cows on the prairies get accustomed to the noise of locomotive bells and whistles, and do not always clear the track until thrown off by the cow-catcher. A patented device is described in the *Scientific American* for squirting hot water twenty rods ahead. It is said this will stimulate the laziest cow into action.

IRON SLAG.—Iron slag is ceasing rapidly to be a waste product. At an English iron-works it is employed as a non-conductor of heat. When it is ground it is moulded into bricks of great toughness, which are also impervious to frost and 30 per cent. lighter than common clay bricks. Cement, concrete, and artificial stone are likewise made from the slag.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—According to a leading medical journal a simple and effective remedy for removing the pain of wounds caused by burns or scalds is a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda in either plain or camphorated water. To apply the remedy all that is necessary is to cut a piece of lint or old soft rag or even thick blotting-paper of a size sufficient to cover the burn or scald and keep constantly wet.

SOFT-SOAP.—Twenty pounds of pure grease to 14 pounds of potash will make a clean fish-barrel full; dissolve it in water in a brass kettle over the grease, and stir it with a stick; let it stand 24 hours, then pour a pail of cold water in the barrel, and stir it thoroughly; let it stand 12 hours, and as it thickens add a pail of cold water and stir again, and add water every 12 and stir until the barrel is full. In cold weather use warm water. Be particular to have the barrel tight, as lye will leak through where water will not. A barrel will not answer more than twice, as the lye destroys it. Having fully tested this method in our own house, the correspondent concludes, we can assure all readers of its value.

Farm and Garden.

SOOT FOR PLANTS.—Save the soot from chimneys and stovepipes. A pint of soot in a pailful of water will make liquid manure of the greatest value for flowers and plants of all kinds.

THE POPLAR.—Poplar will grow readily and rapidly on any moist soil, and perhaps would do well in portions of the West where it is desirable to grow trees. As it is used largely in paper manufacture, its production should be profitable.

FRUIT TREES.—Fruit trees, grape vines and bushes should have no place in a garden, as they draw nourishment from the soil, while their branches cast a damaging shade. Garden vegetables require plenty of soil for their own use.

CARE OF DUCKLINGS.—Ducklings are as liable to die of cramps as young turkeys, and for that reason must be kept from exposure to cold rains and heavy dews and away from the streams and ponds until they are a month or six weeks old.

FIRE-PROOF ROOF.—A German paper says that a roof can be made fire-proof by covering it with a mixture of lime, salt and wood ashes, adding a little lampblack to give a dark color. This not only guards against fire, it is claimed, but also in a measure prevents decay.

THE ROSE-BUG.—Although early in the season, it may not be out of place to give the remedy for this insect. Fill a medium-sized sprinkling-pail with water, and add three or four spoonfuls of hellebore and two spoonfuls of kerosene. Stir frequently. Sprinkle the rose-bushes with it as soon as the insects begin their work.

THE POTATO BEETLE.—A New York farmer states that he uses only coal gas tar to prevent the ravages of the potato beetle. He puts a gallon of tar in a tub, over which he pours boiling water, which is allowed to settle and cool. This is sprinkled over the vines with an ordinary sprinkler. A gallon of tar, costing 75 cents, suffices for several acres of potatoes.

CUCUMBERS.—It is said, and we see no reason to doubt it, that if a cucumber vine is trained to run up a stake on which a few stubs of limbs have been left along its entire length, the crop will be enormous. By this plan the vines not only occupy less space, but are afforded opportunity to follow their natural habit of climbing up, instead of running on the ground.

CORN ON THE EAR.—When corn on the ear is fed to horses they masticate it much more slowly than if the corn was shelled. As a consequence that on the ear is better digested. A horse requires more time to eat corn on the ear than if fed either meal or shelled corn. If the horse cannot have time to masticate a full feed of unshelled corn, then it is best to feed something else.

WHEN TO TURN CATTLE OUT.—Do not turn to grass till all the heaviest part of the spring and early summer labor is finished, as it is more necessary to keep working oxen strong and in good condition at this season than at any other throughout the year. The only way to do this is to keep the cattle in a stable or in a dry yard with good shelter, and feed them, as in winter, on hay and meal.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1882.

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THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

The experience of the world, in all ages and nations, seems to confirm the notion that happiness was not intended by nature to be the direct result of an operation, performed with the immediate purpose of attaining it; but, on the contrary, the indirect result of an operation intended immediately and principally for the attainment of another object, which is moral perfection of virtue.

Observe the tradesman who has made his fortune (as the phrase is), and retired from business, or the opulent proprietor enjoying his dignified leisure. How he toils at the task of doing nothing, as a ship without ballast at sea, when it falls calm after a heavy blow, labors more without stirring an inch than in going ten knots an hour with a good breeze. How he "groans and sweats," as Shakspeare has it, under a happy life! How he cons over at night, for the third time, the newspaper which he read through twice, from beginning to end, immediately after breakfast! But this is not the worst. No sooner does he find himself in the state of unoccupied blessedness, than a host of unwished-for visitants enter on his premises, and declare his body a good prize. Dyspepsia (a new name of horror) plucks from his lips the untasted morsel, and the brimming bowl bedims his eyes with unnatural blindness, and powders his locks with premature old age. Hypochondria ploughs his cheeks with furrows, and heaps a perpetual cloud upon his brow. Gout grapples him by the great toe; so that what with black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, the poor man suffers martyrdom in every nerve and fibre. His Elysium is much like that of the departed Grecian heroes in the "Odyssey," who frankly avowed to Ulysses that they would rather be the meanest day laborers above ground than reign supreme over all the shades below.

There are two distinct ways by which we may hope to be happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means; either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each to decide for himself, and do that which may happen to be the easiest. If you are idle, sick, or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be easier than to augment your means. If you are active, and prosperous, young, or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, sick or well, rich or poor; and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society; for, after all, the real art of being happy is to endeavor to make other people so.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IF the world ever means to get out of debt it had better set about it. The total liabilities of the nations in 1880 were over $23,000,000,000, against $8,000,000,000 in 1848; if this sum keeps increasing at the same rate by 1900 it will be $32,500,000,000.

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BERLIN has a negro colony of about sixty persons, many of whom went from this country, though others are natives of Africa, and arrived direct. With one exception they are all employed as servants. One is a servant to Prince Charles. Many of them have not only acquired the German language, but are said to use the real Berlin dialect. Three have married white girls.

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No lady who has passed through the London Divorce Court can, at the present time, appear at Court, however blameless her conduct may have been. Recently the Queen has been disposed to relax the stringency of this regulation in special cases, where no fault of any kind has been attributed to the lady. The matter, however, was submitted to the Lord Chancellor and other officials, and their opinion was not in favor of this proposal.

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IN a recent lecture before the "Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society," Professor Kerr said that human beings who work in a bad atmosphere often live as long as those under healthier conditions, but at a very low ebb of vitality. When a ventilator was put into a certain vilely ventilated workroom the girls became lively instead of remaining dull, and, like Oliver, "asked for more." Their appetites had so increased that they could do more work, but couldn't live on their wages.

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MANY music boxes are being sent to China. John is so fond of them that at festivals he goes about with two or three in his pockets. But they must play all Chinese music. He will have nothing else. A music box can be concealed in a very small compass, and the instruments are put into any imaginable article—cigar stands, snuff boxes, chairs, dolls, clocks, boot heels, decanters, fans, etc. One gentleman has an attachment to the front door, and his visitors are always greeted with a tune. Nearly all of the boxes are made in Saint Croix or Geneva, Switzerland. The tunes must be adapted to the various countries to which they are exported.

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WE hear of a great many inventions for rendering wood and other substances fireproof, but these inventions seem never to come into actual use by builders. A new idea in England is uninflammable asbestos paint, which, judging from certain experiments lately made, would seem to be a valuable aid in the prevention of fires. In the experiments referred to, wood, paper, calico, gauze, etc., were coated with paint, and afterwards submitted to the action of flame, which they one and all resisted. Cubes of wood, coated with the paint, were placed on a coke fire, with the result that the interior was reduced to charcoal, while the exterior formed a thin unburnt shell. The new paint will lend itself to the employment of any desired tint, and will resist the action of acids.

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THE latest weather prophet lays down the following rules for predicting the weather, and says they never fail: First—When you see a bank of thin, hazy clouds along the northwest, and it is clear over the rest of the heavens, the wind will be from the southeast on the morrow, the temperature will rise, and it will rain in less than forty-eight hours. Second—When there is a dark ring around the sun, there is a storm forming southeast of you; and on the morrow the wind will be from the northeast, with snow. Third—When the sky looks very black, and the stars shine unusually bright, a storm will advance suddenly from the southeast, beginning with snow, followed by rain.

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AT the nobles school in Tokio, Japan, is a physical map of that country 300 or 400 feet long, in the court behind the school building. The map, or model, is made of turf and rock, and is bordered with pebbles which look, at a little distance, like so much water. Every inlet, river and mountain is reproduced in this model with a fidelity to detail which is simply wonderful. Latitude and longitude are indicated by telegraph wires, and tablets show the position of the cities. Ingenious devices are employed in illustrating botanical studies also. For example, the pine is illustrated by a picture showing the cone, leaf and dissected flower, set in a frame which shows the bark and longitudinal and tranverse sections of the wood.

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THE British Goat Society, of which the Duke of Wellington is President, and which now numbers 243 members, has just held its annual meeting. This society has started a system by which cottagers are supplied with goats at a reasonable cost; and the number of applications for animals far exceeds the number it is at present possible to obtain. The society proposes the establishment of a Goat Supply Company to meet this want; and it is also proposed to take measures for the removal of the restrictions at present in force as to the importation of goats from abroad. In the course of the proceedings the President alluded to the extraordinary prejudices which existed against goats' milk; and also remarked that it might be taken for granted that in cases of disease, goat's milk was far more valuable than that yielded by the cow.

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THE uniform of the regular army is attracting attention in England. It has over and over again been pointed out that red is one of the conspicuous colors for soldiers to use. A column of red soldiers makes an admirable target for the enemy. Gray seems to be the most advantageous color. Nature has demonstrated this fact by the color of such wild animals as hares and rabbits, who have no means of defence except concealment. A number of reforms in the cut of the tunic and trousers have also been made recently, and Private Atkins is no longer in clothes so tight that he cannot stoop. Officers are very fond of seeing their men well set up, and there is a general dislike to a slouching soldier. But the intensely tight-fitting clothes and waspish waists which are familiar to every one visiting London, are probably doomed to the fate of the dodo.

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THE mental experiences of a citizen of Connecticut in whom the excessive use of tobacco recently produced a sort of delirium tremens, are thus described by one of the papers there: "Then followed a season of derangement and visions, less intense and terrorizing than those belonging to the alcoholic frenzy, but annoying and remarkable to the patient. He saw black flies in myriads upon the walls of his room, then thousands of fireflies, such as are seen in June. These were followed by millions of little golden metallic-hued beetles. He sat beside a lovely stream of water, that wasn't there, and gazed into its limpid depths. He saw crowns, queer garments covered with the heads of nails, all sorts of armor, and bric-a-brac enough to furnish every house in the State. During one whole day the atmosphere was so yellow that he could not see the neighboring residences; another day cloudy veils shut out from his view for brief intervals the objects about him."

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A VERY interesting lecture was recently delivered before the Anthropological Institute, London, on the different stages in the development of the art of music in prehistoric times. Although, the lecturer said, the varieties of musical instruments may be counted by hundreds, yet they are all reducible under three distinct types: 1. The drum type. 2. The pipe type. 3. The lyre type. These three types are representative of three distinct stages of development through which prehistoric music had passed, and in the order just stated. The first period in the development of music was the drum stage, in which drums and drums alone were used by man. The second was the pipe stage, in which pipes as well as drums were used. The third was the lyre stage, in which stringed instruments were added to the stock. These three stages answer respectively to rhythm, melody and harmony. In the musical history of mankind the lyre stage is never found to precede the pipe stage, nor the pipe stage to precede the drum stage.

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A SUCCESSFUL demonstration of the application of stored-up force to the propulsion of a tramway car was lately made in London. The car was an open one. A large number of Faure's improved electric accumulators, which had been previously charged, were placed under the seats and connected with a dynamo machine under the car, the motion of which was communicated to the wheels of the car by a cog-wheel arrangement. Connection was established and broken by the simple movement of a switch. The car moved off at a speed which was easily regulated; for according to the distance the switch was moved, the driver could run his car with a supply of force from a greater or less number of accumulators, at his pleasure. It is claimed by the scientist who was conducting the experiment, that this method of propelling conveyances has an enormous advantage over others in point of economy, while its noiselessness, freedom from the nuisances of smoke or steam, and its safety, are recommendations over traction engines.

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IS has been proposed by certain ingenious speculators in England to found a society for the purpose of providing "proper burial places" for defunct pets—such as dogs, cats and birds; and apparently in connection with the same scheme they propose to establish a "home" for aged and infirm animals, which might also be used for the temporary shelter of pets whose owners are compelled to part with them for a time. There is something audaciously novel in that part of the scheme which embraces a necropolis for dead dogs and cats, but to that part of it which concerns a lodging-house for superannuated or temporarily-abandoned pets, Solomon's remark about there being nothing new under the sun, may be appropriately applied. Homes for aged and "decayed" animals are common in the far East, wherever the doctrine of the transmigration of souls has permeated into the religious beliefs of the people. Buddhists and certain sections of Hindoos have a profound regard for all animal life—at least theoretically, for practically they are capable of treating both human beings and dumb animals with as much cruelty as any people on the face of the earth. There are many thousands of wealthy merchants in India who contribute lavishly toward the support of institutions for the shelter and maintenance of useless animals. These, many of which stand all day long with festering wounds in the beating sunlight, are fed regularly by Brahmin priests, who carry their zeal for the preservation of animal life to such an extent that early in the morning they may be seen walking to and fro over the open space of meadow or field, and sprinkling the ground with sugar for the benefit of the ants that literally swarm in the earth. There are plenty of these gentlemen who will neither comb their hair nor wash their bodies because haply they may kill their transmigrated grandfather during the process.

THE SHADOWED CROSS.

BY G. W.

In wedded love our lives had twined
One year—one careless, golden year—
And then he died, my darling died;
And, for the joy that harbored there,
My heart was filled with dark despair.

I traced the haunts he loved the best
In dear, lost days—alas, so brief!
And mem'ry's breathings, once so sweet,
But fanned the furnace of my grief;
They brought no tears to my relief.

At early dawn I sought his grave,
'Mid quaint-carved stones, o'ergrown with moss,
And lo! upon the hallowed mound—
In seeming emblem of my loss—
There fell the shadow of a cross.

And kneeling there in tearless woe,
Methought I heard my darling say:
"Oh love! thy grief's shadow is,
Which, as a dream, shall pass away,
Where shadows melt in cloudless day!".

Then found my anguish vent in tears,
Strange tears of heav'n-born peace, that shed
Around my soul a holy calm;
And when I rose, thus comforted,
The shadow from the grave had fled!

The Empress' Favorite.

BY J. H. P.

IN the time of Catherine the Second, there dwelt in Russia, a gentleman named Sonderland, who, though English by birth, had become a Russian subject and also a great favorite with the Empress.

She loaded him with favors, made him immensely wealthy, gave him a palace to live in, and embraced him publicly.

What more could a sovereign do to show her affection for a subject?

Her partiality was so well known, that the greatest personages at Court sought his favor and feared his frown; but he was a very pleasant, good-hearted person, who thought more of his dress, appearance, and the effect he produced on the fair sex, than anything else, and it was rather a benefit to the community than otherwise that he should have the ear of the Empress.

He himself was perfectly happy, and employed a great deal of his time in writing verses expressive of the charms of the Empress, her goodness, and the amiability of her disposition.

One morning, he had just finished a most flattering poem in several cantos, setting forth the story of her condescension to a poor soldier to whom she had really been kind, and was reading it to a select audience, when a servant, entering the room, announced to him that the chief of the police, whose name was Rellew, desired to speak with him, having a message from the Empress.

The poet instantly threw down his paper, and, delighted with this proof of confidence on the part of the sovereign, excused himself to his friends, and hurried to the room where Rellew was waiting for him.

The chief of police sat leaning back in his chair, with a very grave countenance, and saluted the Englishman as a gaoler might salute a prisoner whom he was about to lead to execution.

"What can I do for you, Rellew?" asked Sonderland, with a condescending twist of his moustache.

"I see you are in trouble, and it was well to come to me at once. The Empress was kinder than usual yesterday, and expressed herself more anxious to take my advice than she has ever done before; so have no fear.

"I esteem you, Rellew. I consider you my best friend."

"Ah!" said the chief of police, doubtfully; "and I have a true friendship for you; but I regret to say that I have terrible news for you.

"You have utterly lost the favor which has been yours so long. Indeed, though I may not question the royal mandate, I suffer greatly in bringing you the tidings. See how pale I am! Look how I tremble! Oh, how can I tell you?"

"But have I offended?" asked Sonderland. "Assuredly you are mistaken. The Empress kissed me on my forehead last evening, before the whole Court."

"So one loses favor of royality!" sighed Rellew. "Perhaps you have admired a pretty woman?"

"No, no," replied Sonderland.

"The Empress told me nothing," said Rellew; "nothing whatever. She gave me her commands, and bade me accomplish them at once. But they are too terrible—too horrible."

"Am I to be sent away?" asked Sonderland.

"You could be very happy in some other country. I should not dread giving you that news," replied Rellew.

"Am I to be exiled to Siberia?" asked Sonderland.

"In that case there might be some hope of your coming back," replied Rellew.

"Then, mercy on me! I am to be whipped with the knout!" sighed Sonderland.

"You might get over that; it seldom kills," answered the Russian, moodily.

"Then she wants my life!" said Sonderland. "But I know her better than you do. I will fling myself at her feet, and implore her pardon; and, at all events, one can die but once."

"Oh, my poor friend!" moaned Rellew, bursting into tears, "it is worse than anything that you can imagine. The Empress has ordered me to have you stuffed!"

"What?" cried Sonderland.

"To have you stuffed," replied the agitated Rellew. "Listen, my poor friend. This morning she sent for me.

"'Rellew,' she said, "you saw to the stuffing of my favorite horse, who died last month.'

"I bowed, and assented.

"'Send Sonderland to the same taxidermist, and have him stuffed in an attitude of supplication—begging you to understand—and placed upon a stand in my private apartment. Let the stand be elegant, and bear his name in these words—"The favorite of the Empress."'

"'Your Majesty is good enough to jest,' I said, humbly.

"She flushed a fierce glance at me.

"'I am in no jesting humor. I valued him,' she said. 'Look! I have even shed tears. But go; I do not wish to see him again. Take him to the taxidermist this morning; I will write my orders for him.'

"And she gave me this paper, on which were written these words:

"'Stuff Sonderland very carefully, and set him upon moss in an attitude of entreaty. Begin your work within the hour. Great as was my affection for poor Sonderland, his beauty was his greatest charm. There are others as faithful and as affectionate, and I shall now always have him to look at; he is certainly a splendid creature.

"'Go and make all speed possible.

"'Have the words, "The favorite of the Empress," in letters of gold on a black pedestal, three feet in height.'

"There, my poor Sonderland, you see," said the chief of police, "it is not I who have gone mad!"

"Then it is the Empress," said Sonderland. "Unhappy sovereign, she has lost her mind!"

"All the worse for us!" sighed the wretched Russian. "As soon as I felt sure of her real meaning, I fell upon my knees and begged her not to entrust the frightful command to me; to consider her intention. I hardly knew what I said."

"For answer, she pointed to the door.

"If Sonderland be not taken to the taxidermist within an hour, you shall be knouted and sent to Siberia!" she said. "Wretch that I am, I am here with the news!"

"Let me see the Empress. Let me know what I have done. Let me write. Take a note to her from me!"

"I dare not," said the chief of police. "I have a wife and seven children. You are dear, but they are dearer to me."

Sonderland began to hope that the Empress only wished to play a practical joke upon him, and pitying his friend for his terror and the grief he suffered, after a few moments more rose, and offered to go with him at once.

Wrapping themselves in their furs, both men jumped into the sleigh at the door.

Meanwhile he had written a letter to the Empress, and calling a servant, despatched it by him.

As yet, no one guessed at the reason of this visit from the chief of police, and the servant had no fears concerning the safety of his errand.

Meanwhile the two gentlemen proceeded together to the house of the taxidermist, Gottschokoff; Sonderland yet hopeful, for an Englishman could not believe that such a command could be given in earnest; the Russian half mad with horror—in fact, in delivering his message he lost the command of his voice, and fainted away.

The taxidermist himself grew pale.

"This is my sentence of death as well as yours," he said to Sonderland, "for I do not know how to stuff a man, and I do know what Empresses are. I shall have to try, of course, but I don't think it can be done."

"I am sure it is only a jest of our sovereign's," said Sonderland.

The Russians shook their heads. But at this instant a loud trampling was heard, and armed men entered, seized upon the chief of police, Sonderland, and the taxidermist, forced them into a sleigh, and drove madly away to the royal palace.

Sonderland still kept his courage. A man knows well enough when a woman really likes him; but the Russians knew that if the Empress had lost her senses, her maddest mandate must be obeyed.

Led into the royal presence, they found Catherine furiously pacing the floor.

"Wretched madman," she shrieked to the poor chief of police; "what have you been about?"

The poor fellow fell upon his knees.

"My Empress," he cried, "endeavoring to obey you, though it broke my heart."

"And you, beast?" she cried to the taxidermist.

The taxidermist also prostrated himself, with his teeth chattering in his head.

"My Empress," said Sonderland, offering her the paper she had written, "here is your royal mandate. There were some difficulties, purely professional, in the way of stuffing me. Otherwise I should have been already in an attitude of supplication on a black marble pedestal, I make no doubt."

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Catherine. "My friend—my most faithful and most earnest friend—how dared you believe me capable of such a thing? And you, idiots, get up!"

And she spurned the crouching men with her royal foot.

"It was my dog, my favorite dog, my favorite spaniel, whom I had named after this dear Sonderland, because he was so handsome, that I ordered you to stuff. He died last night. The whole palace knew that. Oh, mercy!"

The absurdity of the mistake forced itself upon the royal mind at this instant.

Catherine, in the midst of her rage, began to laugh, and ended by growing good-natured.

"Amusing idiots," she said; "go and always obey me as well as you have done today. I see, at least, that you meant well."

And thereupon the chief of police and the taxidermist crept away, thankful for their lives, to convey the dead dog to its destination.

And Sonderland went to lunch with the Empress, who leant upon his shoulder as they walked together through the palace.

Gain In Loss.

BY PERCY VERE.

IN a mossy hollow by the roadside, with wild flowers blossoming at their feet and all around them, are seated two girls, both young and pleasing to the eye, but one with a superlative fairness that at once attracts the observer.

It is Georgie Adrian. She leans her head back wearily upon the lichen-covered bark of the tree whose fallen limbs have afforded them seats, and she sighs a little.

"You seem very tired to-day, dear," her companion, Jennie Wilmott, says. "Have your scholars been more troublesome and stupid than usual?"

As Georgie looks up to reply, the sound of voices in conversation falls upon their ears.

"Yes, I did notice the music. Who was the soprano? She seemed to be young—I just caught a glimpse of her face as we passed out."

It is a gentleman who speaks, a stranger to the two girls, who can see distinctly through their screen of bushes without being observed themselves.

"The soprano? Oh, that was only Georgie Adrian. Her mother takes care of a small farm, near here, that father owns. You, with your critical taste, can certainly not think her voice at all good. She has only the merest smattering of music, although father is so good-natured that out of charity he lets her teach my little sisters."

By this time Georgie's face is very pale, while Jennie's is one rosy, angry flush, and when the retreating footsteps die away, her indignation finds vent.

"Oh, what a cruel, insulting girl that Anna Gould is, to dare to speak so slightingly of one no one knows but to love!"

Georgie puts her hand over her friend's lips.

"Don't, Jennie; your praise, which is so unmerited, cannot heal just now the sting of such words as those. Let me say 'good-bye,' dear, and go home. I am foolish to care, but I am so tired to-day, that perhaps I am more sensitive than usual."

And obediently Jennie kisses her, and watches with a glitter of tears in her eyes the lithe, graceful form until it passes from her sight.

"The darling!" she murmurs; "her life is so monotonous. No fun or variety—nothing but work, and then, as its reward, insult. It's too bad."

As Georgie walks slowly on, unheedful of the beauty the early spring has spread about and before her, her lovely, bronze-crowned head droops, and bitter tears tremble upon her long lashes.

When, through her jealousy towards Georgie, because of her superior attractiveness, Anna Gould made those slighting, scornful remarks concerning her, she little dreamed that her companion's keen eyes were reading, as clearly as in a book, her motives, and that she lost then and there all chance of ever winning the place she coveted in Marshall Graham's esteem.

"I've a piece of information for you, Georgie," says Jennie, when next the friends meet.

"The new master of the Hall is home, or will be soon, and rumor says that he is as different from Mr. Hugh Trainor as day is from night—that he is young, good, and handsome, and a person who will be an acquisition to the neighborhood."

"Quite a budget of news," smiles Georgie.

"Yes; and there's more. Rumor has it besides that Miss Anna Gould met the gentleman in France long before his relative's death, and was desperately smitten with him, though whether he was with her I cannot be so accurate about. If it is true, I pity him."

Two months later cards are distributed all about the neighborhood for a grand opening *fete* which is to be given at the old house, which, though the grandest and most pretentious place for miles around, has never within the memory of the younger inhabitants of the community been made the centre of a festive scene. Endemonte Hall had originally been the seat of a family of that name whose last heir had lived there a secluded, invalid life, until his death, some three years back, had brought it into the market.

It had then been bought by an old, morose man, who had led as quiet an existence as his predecessor. In a year's time he had died, and as no will had been found, his property had passed to his nearest relative—a cousin in Scotland.

Almost a year has passed since, and it is now for the first time that the new master of the Hall has seen fit to enter upon his possessions.

The old mansion is as beautiful as its own resources and the florist's hand and decorator's skill can make it; and by the side of her son, helping him to do the honors, is the sweetest old lady Georgie thinks she has ever seen.

But with a curious thrill of disappointment, in the host, whose praises she has heard so highly extolled, she recognizes instantly the gentleman who was the recipient of Anna Gould's contemptuous confidence respecting herself.

Instinctively, then, and for the rest of the evening, Georgie wraps herself in her stateliest mantle of pride. But, though she never once suspects it, in Marshall Graham's eyes the girl whose sweet face has lingered persistently in his memory ever since his brief glimpse of it in church is none the less charming for the indifference and reserve of her manner.

Months fly by, and though in every way in his power Marshall has endeavored to bring to Georgie's manner a more cordial warmth, he has been obliged to acknowledge himself defeated.

"How can you help but like him, Georgie?" remonstrates Jennie.

But Georgie evades an answer; for, to tell the truth, it would be very hard for her to give one, as deep down in her secret heart, though she fights down the feeling, she knows that the young master of the Hall is not regarded as indifferently by her as she pretends.

Half a year has gone by, and one day Marshall Graham calls early in the morning at the Gould farm and asks to see Mrs. Adrian.

The mother goes, with an anxious inquiring glance into her daughter's face as she leaves the room.

A half-hour later Mrs. Adrian returns, and with an agitated face, takes Georgie's hand.

"Georgie, my child," she says, "prepare yourself for a great surprise. Come with me. Mr. Graham has something to show you."

Wonderingly Georgie goes, and though her mother's excitement has prepared her for something startling, she scarcely realizes the full import of what she hears until it has been repeated more than once, and she has read the parchment which is laid in her hand twice through.

"It is my cousin's will," Marshall says. "I found it where it had been carelessly thrust in a Latin translation in the library."

At last Georgie understands, and we will keep the reader in suspense no longer, but explain.

Mr. Trainor was the father of the young scapegrace who, under an assumed name, married Georgie's mother, and in a year's time deserted her, returning to his home, leaving no clue by which he could be traced.

He had only lived a couple of years after that time, and on his death-bed, impelled by the pangs of remorse, he had confessed the tale of his wrong doing to his father, imploring him to seek out his injured wife and atone as far as was in his power for the blight put upon her life.

But, full of wrath at his son's long deception, and at what he deemed the disgrace of the misalliance, the stern old man had determined to take no steps in the matter; to let his son's secret die with him.

But when, as time passed on, the increasing feebleness of old age warned him that his own end was not far away, he suddenly repented him of his former resolution.

Purchasing through his agent the Hall, he had come to the village in which his son had wooed and won the maiden whom he had so cruelly treated.

* * * * * *

"I did not desire to be known or loved, only at a late hour to make atonement, and when I learned from the verdict of all who knew her of the worth of my granddaughter's character, I decided to right my son's wrong-doing by making her my heiress."

* * * * * *

This was set forth in a preamble to the formal document in which, without reserve, Georgie Trainor—wrongly called Adrian—was constituted sole heiress of the property of which the testator died possessed.

As soon as he sees that everything is fully explained and understood, with courteous tact Marshall leaves the mother and daughter to grow accustomed together to the strange change of fortune which has so suddenly come to them.

They do not see him again until a week has rolled by, and then one afternoon he calls again.

He finds Georgie alone in the sitting-room. She rises as he enters, and were his thoughts not employed otherwise, he could hardly help but notice the bright flush which rises to her lovely face at his unexpected appearance.

His errand does not take long to tell.

"I have come, Miss Adrian," he says, "to bid you and your mother good-bye. There is nothing to keep me here now, and I have made up my mind to return to my friends and my work in Scotland.

"Had a fond hope which I have cherished turned out otherwise than it has, it might be different—I might not be so eager to get away.

"But as it is, I go this day next week. Miss Adrian—pardon me, but I cannot so soon grow accustomed to your changed name—now that we are parting, probably never to meet again, I have a question to ask you.

"Why have you always disliked me so? Why is it that, though I have tried so hard, I have never succeeded in gaining your friendship?"

Georgie is pale now, and she is trembling though Marshall does not see it.

"It was not you that I disliked, Mr. Graham," she begins, faltering; then gathering courage, she looks up bravely into his face, and goes on, "but your wealth. I am poor and proud; I sometimes feel too proud. But our natures are born with us, and though I know it is wrong, I cannot help it."

A great brightness dawns in Marshall's face as he looks intently at the blushing girl.

Surely it is not dislike or indifference

now that adds such a more than bewitching expression to the always bewitching face?

"Then, Miss Adrian—Georgie," he exclaims, coming eagerly to her side, "now that I am rich no longer—now that the inheritance I came here to take possession of, leaving unwillingly my life of congenial toil, is mine no longer, may I, dare I hope that you will like—nay, perhaps, even after a time love me a little?

"Oh, Georgie, do you know that you were the cause that was driving me away? I have grown to love this place and the people, who have been so friendly and neighborly, but I could not bear to see you day after day, and know that there was no hope for me.

"Georgie, speak; have I offended you? If so, I will say no more, but simply reiterate the farewell word that I came to you this afternoon to say."

But the word is never spoken, for Georgie's hand is in his, and a soft voice whispers, "Do not go, Marshall, but stay, for my sake."

And so Marshall's loss is his gain; and when, a short while later, the two young people stand before the altar to be made man and wife, there is but one verdict in the large and interested audience of friends that have gathered to witness the nuptials—"A goodly couple, and made for each other; one of Heaven's own matches."

The Hundred-Leaved Rose.

BY CLAY CORDERI.

AMONG the many ruins to be found in the vale of Cashmere, is one which is regarded with particular veneration by its inhabitants, because of the sad tale, or rather legend which relates to it.

It stands a little way from the village of Tima, upon a slight elevation.

It presents a very modest appearance in comparison to the many ruins to be seen in this region.

It is almost concealed by the numerous vines and weeds which grow over and around it. Still here and there a broken column is exposed, and various pieces of sculpture art have evidence of the beauty of the structure.

Strange as such a fancy may appear, yet this spot is said to have been the birth-place of "Gul-sad-bork, the Rose of a Hundred Leaves."

So runs the tale. Long ago, this valley contained a city of considerable size.

A King of great wisdom ruled and peace reigned throughout his dominions. The tranquility of the State had not been disturbed for many years. Simplicity reigned, for pride had not seemingly entained its present sway in this valley.

The more noble did not hesitate to toil in the fields by the side of their more humble neighbors. Among the most faithful laborers was Feraz. He did not possess boundless wealth, and honors had never tarried at his door, yet he had sufficient to maintain him in ease, if he should see fit to cease toiling.

But idleness was distasteful to him, and he was only happy when constantly employed.

While always pleasant and courteous to all he met, still he held little intercourse with his fellow-men. He was seldom seen at the feasts, and never joined in the processions, which the fun-loving people originated, on the holidays.

Himself, or his plans were themes on which he never conversed, even when engaged with the few whom he honored with his confidence.

His friends were not numerous, still all honored and respected him. Thus he lived for many years. Then a change came over him.

He avoided the society of his fellow-man no longer, but rather sought it. He ceased to absent himself from any feasts, and not only viewed the processions, but often leant his assistance.

This change was soon remarked by his friends, but it was a long time before they discovered the cause.

He never spoke upon the subject, and treated all their allusions in such a manner as discouraged a continuation of the subject. But by close observation they were at last enabled to satisfy their curiosity.

They beheld that his gaze was always turned towards one beautiful being, when she appeared, and that he took little notice of any other.

This surprised them a little, for she was not retiring and dignified like himself, but the gayest of all, as well as the most lovely.

He never proceeded to declare his passion but seemed satisfied if he could but see her. He became more kind and pleasant, but a cloud seemed to rest upon his spirits at times.

At such seasons his labor would be neglected, and he would stand seemingly engaged in deep meditation for long periods.

Time passed, and at last the dream of security was broken. An invading army appeared in the land. Feraz was one of the first to fly to the defence of the state.

The hour came for their departure, and found Feraz deathly pale. He was not a coward, but he felt the severance from the idol of his heart as keenly as though she stood by him, and he gazed on her angelic face.

Still he did not falter, and his bearing was as brave as any who left that day.

They were soon nearing the gate which stood open for their egress. The houses were more scattered in this part of the city. Many of them were surrounded by extensive gardens and parks.

Some of the buildings were very beautiful. Before them stood a grand palace which glistened in the sun like snow.

Feraz regarded it with loving glances, for it was that in which she dwelt, but his wishes were unrewarded.

He could see no one. They had almost passed by, when his eyes fell on a window which he had not before seen, and behold! she was standing inside viewing them as they passed.

Seeing his eyes turned towards her, she smiled, and plucking a rose from her breast, cast it down at his feet. With one look of unutterable love and farewell, he hid it in his breast, and he saw her no more.

After many long months the enemy were driven from the land, and once more the defenders marched through the gate of the city.

Soon the glistening palace stood before them again. With what longings did Feraz view its walls, but his looks met with no reward.

No one was to be seen: every window was closed and a stillness seemed to surround it that sent a chill through his heart.

For many days he watched for her appearance at the feasts and public rejoicings, but it was vain; she never appeared. Then with many forebodings, he bent his footsteps towards the palace. That awful air of stillness still enfolded it.

He gazed at it a long time. Then he saw an aged female issue from the door and come towards him.

She approached closely, then making him a sign to follow, she opened a small gate which led into a magnificent garden.

Full of wonder, he obeyed, and winding around through various paths, they at last came to a little mound, when she paused, and turning to him said:

"She whom thou seekest has passed away. Underneath this mound she sleeps forever more. For seven nights has the nightingale sung requiems over her."

Then she turned about and walked away and left him gazing after her in wonder and surprise.

The stroke was too awful for him to realize it at once. But slowly, terribly and surely the meaning dawned upon him, and he felt in his soul that her words were only too true.

He cast himself on the sod beside the mound and days and nights passed while he lay there.

Then he arose and passed out into the city once more, but no one knew him, for his hair was silvery white and his brow stamped with the wrinkles of age. A change seemed to come over his spirit as well.

He never smiled any more, and never, unless compelled, addressed a fellow-man.

He disposed of his lands, and investing the proceeds in merchandise, soon became one of the most extensive traders in the city.

All he undertook prospered beyond the most sanguine expectation. He enlarged his field of operations and sent caravans to neighboring cities, and his name became known throughout the whole realm.

He never became proud. With all his wealth he made no departure from the common manner of living, which he had possessed when the owner of but a few acres of land.

Neither was he miserly: for no hand was more willing to assist the unfortunate, or relieve the needy.

Thus, the years passed, till at last he began to feel old as well as look so. Then he closed up his business, and taking his staff in his hand, left the city.

In the progress of events he was forgotten, and no one thought of him for many years.

At last, one day, a large caravan was seen approaching the city. On it came till the front was at the gate, and yet the rear could not be seen.

Then an old man, with snowy locks placed himself at its head, and it slowly entered the city.

The people were amazed; but what surprised them most was the kinds of burdens they bore. No bales of merchandise were to seen, but instead, on ingeniously wrought carriages they transported numberless blocks of hewn marble.

They passed on through the streets till they came to a magnificent garden where they deposited their burdens.

Following them came a troop of workmen of the greatest skill, who, measuring the ground, began the erection of a magnificent mausoleum over a spot shown them by him who had piloted the caravan.

Fresh caravans followed each other regularly every day, and the structure arose higher and higher, until it eclipsed all other buildings in the city, both in beauty and splendor.

Then, finally, there came a day, when the caravans came no more, and the setting sun shone on a great company of men out on the plain, marching away from the city.

Silence reigned around the mausoleum, and when the stars came out they beheld it completed.

But one person was in it. Long he remained in its chamber, but at last he appeared, and kneeling close by the door took a packet from his breast.

He opened it carefully, and the moonlight fell on the dried remains of a rose. These he pressed to his heart, and then buried them in the ground.

Then he arose, and leaning heavily on his staff, passed out into the dark city.

And behold! while his footsteps yet resounded on the pavement, a green shoot sprang from the spot in which he had buried the rose.

The night passed and morning came again. The streaks of dawn had been glowing sometime, still the city slumbered.

But one person was abroad at this hour. He walked with difficulty, for he was very old. Still he hurried on as though desirous of reaching some point very quickly.

He often turned his eyes behind him and intently viewed the breaking dawn; then he would hurry forward with increased haste.

At last his object seemed attained, for he stopped before a gate leading into a garden, and a look of relief passed over his countenance.

He entered and closed it after him, just as the rising sun poured a flood of golden light over the city.

At once, low sweet strains of music smote his ears, and raising his eyes, he looked before him.

The sight startled him, for he beheld, indeed! the mausoleum which he had labored a lifetime to build, standing before him in all its magnificent beauty, but he beheld more, for the green shoot had grown till it now enveloped the building, and the whole temple was covered with thousands of blooming roses.

The sight affected him, and he trembled like a leaf. He could scarcely walk. He reached the steps, but could ascend them very slowly.

At last he reached the door and entered the interior amidst a strain of melody. It was decked with the same profusion as the outside.

From every part the hundred-leaved blossoms bent towards him and cast their aroma over him.

Never was nuptial chamber more gorgeously decorated. He cast his eyes to the floor, and at his feet lay the little rose which he had buried, as blooming and perfect as the day it fell from her hands.

A cry of delight escaped him, and he bent forward to pick it up, but the effort was too great, and he sank on his knees. Now he could reach it, and gathering it up he again hid it in his breast.

Another strain of the most exquisite melody filled the chamber, and when it ceased, he lay prostrate on the mound in which she, whom he had loved all the long years, was sleeping.

The music died away, but he did not arise. Renewed waves of melody swept through the chamber all the day, but he heeded them not.

When the stars came, they went to him, and raising him gently, they found that he, too, slept the sweet sleep of death.

New Publications.

"John Inglesant" is what its author, J. H. Shorthouse, calls a philosophical romance, a story which introduces and discusses, along with plot and characters, various general questions of interest. It is a rather remarkable book, containing a series of most effective historic pictures, shows a wide knowledge and real appreciation of matters of old time which are left out of sight in the bald crudity of standard histories, and finally is composed with a certain grave and beautiful music of style. Mr. Shorthouse has managed to blend everything in one harmonious whole, without making his readers feel that he is dealing unfairly with history or unduly weighting romance with the deeper interest of philosophy. It will not, perhaps, have exceptional charms for the mere skimmer of literature, but should find cordial welcome with those who see nothing unpleasant in a pleasant romance, being spiced with a few grains of utility. MacMillan & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Claxton. Price $1.

"Polly's Scheme," by Corydon, Boston. D. Lothrop & Co.; price $1. Here is a book that ought to create a sensation; bright, breezy and jolly; full of life from cover to cover, and worth a place in any of the countless carpet-bags which will be packed by vacationists this summer. "Polly's Scheme" is one that has occurred to hundreds of weary city-dwellers when casting about to find ways and means to spend the summer months comfortably and profitably. The character draying is clearly and skilfully done, and the whole book hasn't a dull sentence in it. It is just long enough to be read in a single afternoon, and the laziest man in the world could not possibly go to sleep over it. It will bear a second or even a third perusal.

"Blunders of a Bashful Man." We have just received from the publishers a copy of a very humorous book with the above title. It is written by the talented and popular author of "A Bad Boy's Diary." The book contains 168 pages, and is handsomely printed and bound. For sale by booksellers everywhere, or it will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents for the paper cover edition, or 60 cents for the cloth. J. S. Ogilvie & Co., publishers, 26 Rose street, New York.

"Subdued Southern Nobility," is the somewhat odd title of a story, published by Peterson & Bros. The authors name is not given. It is simply represented to be "a Southern ideal," and by "One of the nobility." The tale starts previous to the late war and continues through it. The plot and characters are interesting, and introducing as it does, many events of the rebellion, it constitutes altogether a very readable volume. We have the assurance of the writer, that it contains more fact than fiction, which certainly adds to its other elements of interest. Bound in boards; price $1.

MAGAZINES.

The poet Whittier has written for *Wide Awake*, a tender and exquisite poem commemorative of the children's love for Longfellow, and of Longfellow's death. It will appear in the May number, together with a fine frontispiece portrait of Longfellow, engraved by Closson.

The April *Wide Awake* opens seasonably with a charming Easter Frontispiece by Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd, illustrating Mrs. Hitt's Easter-time story of "How Jacky went to Church." Following, comes "Little Peachling," a Japanese Folk-Lore story. Then there is a jolly story for the boys, entitled "Too Fond of Maple Sugar." Toward the close of the number is another out-of-door story, "A Quaker Boy's First Fox Hunt." Excellent stories, too, are "How Naomi Flooded the Bog," "The Lost Five Dollar Bill," "Punkapog & Boss," and "A Nantucket Story." Mary A. Lathbury and Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, have fine illustrated poems: "Fast Day, A. D., 1648," and "A Deep Sea Dream." The serial, "From the Hudson to the Neva," by David Ker, takes us into a region likely to become very interesting in the near future; and "Their Club and Ours," the serial by a boy, sustains its interest and action admirable. Papers of great value are also found in this number: "Short Stories from the Dictionary," "The Æsthetic Movement," the first of the "Wild Flower Papers," by Miss Harris, exquisitely illustrated, a stirring "Health and Strength Paper," and a paper on "Tree Culture," by Prof. Robinson. $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The contents of the supplement of the January number of the *Agricultural Review*, (late Journal of the American Agricultural Association,) are very varied, interesting and valuable. It would be idle to enumerate the many subjects treated, but among them are the full proceedings of the Association addresses by some of the most eminent writers and speakers on agricultural subjects in the country; exhaustive papers on "Fish Culture," by Seth Green; "Stock Raising in the West," by Oscar A. Mullon; "Legislation in Behalf of Agriculture," "Jute and Boot Culture in the South," "The Sugar Beet," by Dr. Robert Grimshaw; "American Progress and Competition," "Agriculture and Cattle of the Channel Islands," "Science in the Dairy," etc., etc. There are a large number of communications from all parts of the country, on the subject of Ensilage, while the various departments contain much that should be known to all interested in agriculture. It is altogether a publication that will pay the farmer a hundred times over. Jos. H. Reall, editor and publisher, 23 University Place, New York.

Among the contents of *The American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, for April, 1882, are the following: "Memoirs and Cases on Fractures of the Skull," by John A. Lidell, A. M., M. D., of New York; "Ovariotomy, Difficulties Diagnostic and Operative," by George J. Engelmann, M. D.; "On the Abortive Treatment of Buboes, by Injections of Carbolic Acid," by Morse K. Taylor, M. D.; "Progress of Obstetrical Surgery," "Five Cæsarean and three Porro-Cæsarean Operations," by Robert P. Harris, A. M., M. D.; "A Second Infection from Syphilis," by F. R. Sturgis, M. D.; "True Aneurism of the Brachial Artery," by L. Emmett Holt; "On the Physics of Anæsthetics," by Wm. H. Greene, M. D.; "Acute Glaucoma Induced by Dubois," by Albert G. Heyl, M. D.; "Military Surgery of the Femur," by John Van Rensselaer Hoff, A. M., M. D.; "Central Color-Scotoma, the Error of Ordinary Tests," by James L. Minor, M. D.; "Multiple Polypoid Fibroma of the Nymphæ, a Rare Case," by B. F. Baer, M. D.; "On the Varieties, Mechanism, Diagnostic Significance, etc., of the Mitral Presystolic Cardiac Murmur," by Austin Flint, M. D. There are also numerous other cases, reviews, etc., just as valuable and important to the medical profession, which lack of space prevents us specifying more particularly. Subscription $5 per year. Henry C. Lea's Sons, publishers, Phila.

Vick's Illustrated *Monthly Magazine* for March, is up to the standard of previous numbers, and this is the highest possible praise. J. Vick, publisher, New York.

NEW MUSIC.

We have just received a copy of Helmick's *Musical Monthly*, No. 1, which contains the following music: "Romanza," by Mendelsohn; "Col. Seller's Polka," by J. S. Drake; "Life's Happy Hours Waltz," by C. Baker; "Touch Me Gently, Father Time," by C. Baker; "Dear Old Homestead," by A. Hilts; "Angels Met Him at the Gate," by C. M. Currier, all printed on regular music paper. The price of a single number of Helmick's *Musical Monthly*, is 25 cents or $2.50 per year, which will furnish you during the year $30 worth of first-class music. If the future issues are at all as good as the first, we can highly commend it to our readers. F. W. Helmick, 126 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.

"Always Keep a Smile for Mother," is the name of a pretty new song and chorus by the popular writer, Charlie Baker, who has written some of the most popular songs in America. The words are elegant and music easy, so that everybody will be able to play it. Price 35 cents per copy. F. W. Helmick, 126 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.

Saalfield's 10-cent *Musical Library*, No. 27, contains the following choice pieces of music, vocal and instrumental: "Bonnie May," "Le Lac de Nemi," "Some Day" and "When My Heart is Going;" in all sixteen pages of excellent music for only 10 cents. Saalfield, publisher, 839 Broadway, New York.

The *Musical World*, published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Chicago, is one of the best of musical publications, compiling excellence in the way of contents, with cheapness in price. The April issue, besides a deal of fresh, useful and entertaining musical information, hints, etc., contains five splendid pieces of music, vocal and instrumental in itself worth several dollars. The price of the monthly is only $1.50 per year. Single copy 15 cents.

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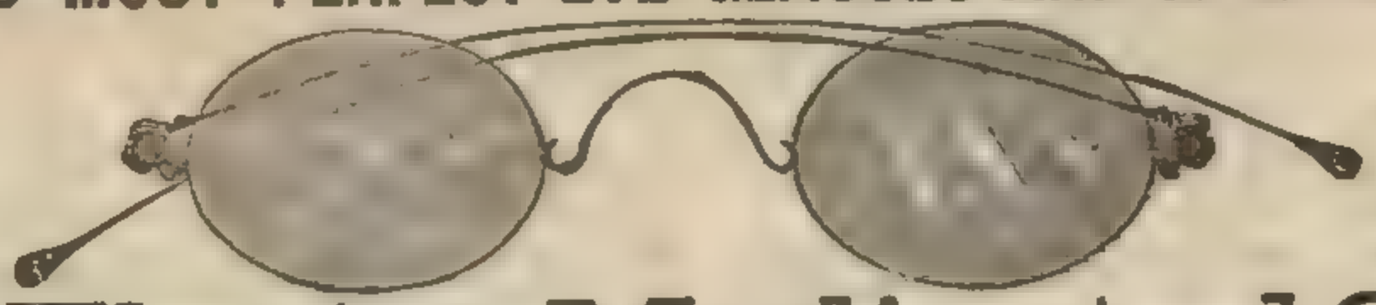

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The CRYSTALS keep the glasses perfectly cold; the result is, your optic nerves are always cool, doing away with any feverish sensation to the eye.

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German and French Oculists have analyzed these glasses and pronounced them far superior to any glass yet made, and claim that in some cases, when used in time, they will restore the eye to its original sight.

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NEW YORK CITY.

DEALER IN OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Our Young Folks.

THE GIANT-KILLER.

BY LYDIA GODDARD.

ONCE upon a time, far up amongst the snow and ice, at no great distance from the North Pole, there resided a boy named Jan.

He had a father and mother, and brothers, and sisters, and their house was built of hard snow, polished like marble, with ice pillars as clear as crystal.

Snow-white petrels skimmed through the air and hovered about the great icebergs. Sometimes Jan would try to catch them; or kill them by hitting them with hard snow-balls.

At such times the petrels would gaze at him mournfully, and once the oldest of them said to him:

"Leave us alone and war with the giants."

Now this was an idea that had never occurred to Jan before, and he pondered over it, and wondered whether it would be possible for him to do so.

He did not say anything about it, as he knew his brothers would laugh at him.

The wealth of Jan's father lay in his flocks and herds, and these were rapidly decreasing under the raids of the giants who lived in those parts; and Jan looked sad enough as he leaned against one of the ice pillars. His father and brothers were moody and troubled, and his mother and sisters were weeping.

"There won't be a sheep, or an ox, or a deer left," said the father.

"My good cows!" sobbed the mother.

"My little goat!" sobbed Fenia, the eldest sister.

"Father," Jan said, "if you will give me the sword that hangs on the wall, and the snow-shoes that my great grandfather wore, and a stout belt, and the horn mounted in silver that is only blown at harvest-time, I will go and kill these giants, and then we shall live in peace and safety."

As Jan ended his speech his brother burst out laughing; it seemed so absurd to all of them that a little fellow like Jan should think of encountering the giants, who were known to be twelve feet in height, though no one had ever yet seen them.

"And where shouldest thou find them?" asked the father.

"Trust me for that," replied Jan.

"Thou art too conceited, Jan," said his father.

"I am no babe," returned Jan, "I am a well-grown lad, and if you will give me what I ask I will rid the north land of these monsters."

The brothers laughed louder than ever, and the father said:

"Hold thy tongue, boy," and turned away.

Then the brothers crowded round Jan, saying:

"Here is the giant-killer! Here is the wonderful Jan the sword-wielder—the horn-blower—the swift runner!" And again they laughed.

Before very long another raid was made whilst Jan, and his father and mother, and brothers, and sisters were asleep; and when they awoke they found that, like Bo-peep, they had lost their sheep.

"Do let me have what I asked for," said Jan; "and then I will go and kill the giants."

Then the father took down the sword and the snow-shoes, and a long leathern belt; and Jan girded them on as though he were quite accustomed to them.

The father also gave him the polish horn, which Jan thrust into his belt.

The snow-shoes were very large—one of them six feet long, the other a little shorter and Jan knew they would carry him up and down hill fleetly.

He was not wrong, for after taking leave of the family he was soon out of sight.

Ah! how swiftly Jan went along through the beautiful country with its lakes and mountains; out of breath with gliding up the hills and slipping down on the other side and he paused to take breath in the middle of a dark frozen pool with tall pines growing round it.

Where was he going? And where should he find the giants? That he did not know; he had only a vague idea that the North Pole was the point to make for.

But being a hero, he now looked about in search of an adventure.

He had not long to wait; he heard a heavy tread in the distance, and saw a colossal figure slowly moving.

He saw Jan and lifted him up with his finger and thumb, and took him into his mouth to see what sort of rocks and stones. In he took on Jan as well as a fat sheep and two oxen being roasted before a great wood fire.

The giant sat down by the fire now and his wife put one of the oxen on a trencher beside his elbow.

There were already on the table a barrel of mead, a cag of oil, and a pie that would have fed Jan and several of his brothers.

Perhaps the giant guessed what Jan was thinking of, for he said in a loud voice:

"Yes, you shall be baked in a pie. Wife do you hear? You will make some pie crust to-morrow and bake this lad under it."

The wife was a horrible-looking woman, as giants' wives generally are.

She was very much afraid of her husband and was unwilling to take part with his victims.

Grimmerskrimmer began to eat and drink, and threw pieces of meat to Jan which he slew in a spirit of sport, saving and nothing else he left home.

After which the giant said, "Now show me what you can do."

Jan rolled himself up the table leg, and standing on the table drew his sword, and deftly cut the loaf into four quarters; then, turning to the ox, he divided it into half a dozen pieces directly.

Grimmerskrimmer opened his eyes widely.

"You are pretty strong for your size; you know how to use your sword."

"And my belt too," returned Jan, unwinding it from his body and fastening it to a rope that was dangling from a great beam.

"What's that for?" asked the giant.

"You shall see me hang myself and cut myself down," said Jan; "it's a capital trick."

So Jan made a running noose at one end of the belt, and let the belt swing for awhile.

Then he darted forward, thrusting his head into the noose, contriving, however, to hold it with his hand so that it should not slip and strangle him.

Then he jerked his body about, turned one or two somersaults, and finally, flourishing his sword above his head, cut the rope, and he and his belt fell.

Grimmerskrimmer was delighted.

"I can do that," said he. "Wife, bring me my leathern band."

When it came, the giant made a slip-knot in the manner that Jan had done, and after some unwieldy plunges darted his head into the noose when Jan, who was watching closely, suddenly pricked his leg with the point of his sword, which caused Grimmerskrimmer to start and give a kick; this had the effect of tightening the band round his throat, and the more he endeavored to release himself the tighter the band was drawn, and in spite of all his struggles he could not free himself.

His face went quite purple, and Jan let him hang there until he thought he was quite dead; but lest there should be any fear of his coming to life again, he piled up several wooden chairs, and mounting on the topmost, he, with his wonderful sword, smote off Grimmerskrimmer's head.

The wife came running in to see what was the matter, and did not appear at all sorry to find that her husband was killed.

She seemed, however, afraid for Jan, for she said:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! he has a brother worse than himself, who is sure to avenge him.

"Alas! alas! you foolish lad; go home whilst there is time, for Hymirymer is sure to make an end of you if you stay here. I will harness our fleetest reindeer to a sledge for you.

"You need only whisper in his ear 'Home! home! flee home!' and he will then take you there directly."

The reindeer was harnessed, and Jan packed his possessions into the sledge, and stepping up to the reindeer he patted him and whispered something in his ear.

But it was not "Home! home!" on the contrary it was "To Hymirymer speed fast!"

And the reindeer sped like a shot in the very direction that Jan had commanded, and before long Jan saw in the distance a great grey figure sitting upon huge blocks of ice, whilst around him polar bears of an enormous size were gambolling.

"It is my brother's reindeer," said Hymirymer, for he it was. "What news? what news, little lad, what news? Speak up, for I am very deaf."

Then Jan sprang from the sledge and clambered up the slippery block of ice until he was on a level with the giant's head.

Then he blew three loud blasts on his horn, which caused the giant to start up, saying:

"Who would have thought that such a little fellow had such a loud voice?"

For he did not perceive that Jan had a horn with him.

And Jan, keeping himself out of sight, which he was able to do, as Hymirymer was not only naturally unwieldly, but also so stiff with the cold that he could not move easily, continued to blow unearthly blasts that quite distracted the giant.

"I have come from your brother's castle," said Jan through the horn.

"Has he sent me any oxen, or sheep, or kids? I'm tired of living upon whales. It's whale soup, and whale chops, and whale steak, and I'm longing for a little meat."

"There's lots waiting in your brother's kitchen," answered Jan; "but his wolves are all dead, so they'll never go hunting again."

"Dead do you say? Who killed them?"

"I did," said Jan, "they came and took our sheep and oxen."

"What!" replied Hymirymer sharply, "so you are one of the people from the south? Just let me get at you and you shall eat up yourself, as we eat your flocks if you don't keep us properly supplied with what we want.

"And as for you, I shall set my bears loose upon you if they don't soon hug you to death so just take care of yourself, for you find that no one else will do so for you."

And Hymirymer gave a low whistle, and up scrambled what Jan had taken for heaps of snow, but which proved in reality to be great white polar bears.

"Hug! hug! hug!" said the giant, at the same time giving Jan a kick that sent him sprawling right into the midst of all the growling animals.

But Jan was playing sweet tunes upon his horn, and the bears were listening attentively.

They were sitting on their hind legs and shaking each other's fore paws as if a spirit of universal brotherhood were animating them.

But to Hymirymer the sounds were most discordant, and maddened him to that degree that he rushed in among the bears, kicking and cuffing them.

All at once Jan ceased playing, and as he did so the bears began to growl; but they were not angry with him, but with the giant, who had led them a hard life for some time.

Jan blew a few hunting blasts, and then the bears again became excited.

They raged and fought, and the giant fought.

He knocked a score of them over, but the more he knocked down the more seemed to rise on all sides.

Jan could not tell where they came from; the plain, the ice-rocks, the frozen sea were covered with them, and they kept coming and coming.

Jan sheltered under a projecting block of hard snow, and watched the struggle.

Hymirymer cried out:

"Treason! treason! treason! would you kill your master?

"But you can't, you stupid brutes—no bear's paw can hurt Hymirymer."

"Oho! is that it?" said Jan, unsheathing his long sword; and blowing his horn as loudly as he could, he waded in the midst of the fight, urging on the bears, who thought they could not kill Hymirymer, could harass him very much.

Jan too hacked away at his legs, and at length the giant fell to the ground, when Jan, leaping upon him, plunged his sword into his heart, so that he died instantly.

When the bears saw that Hymirymer was indeed dead, they stood still, and one of the elder ones advanced respectfully towards Jan, saying to him:

"We thank thee, O youthful stranger for ridding the snow regions of a tyrant."

And at that moment Jan felt quite a hero, and bowed with much dignity to the bears, saying:

"Grimmerskrimmer have I killed, Hymirymer also have I killed; but there is yet another, an elder brother; if you will tell me where to find him, the third and last tyrant shall be killed also."

"It is Thrymmer the ice-hound," said a pert young bear, "he has been by the North Pole, and has lots of geysers round him. We'll take you up to him; get into your sledge, and we'll show you the way."

So Jan got into his sledge, having first whispered to the reindeer:

"To Thrymmer quickly flee."

And, followed by an immense concourse of polar bears, he was drawn over the hard snow and sharp ice, whilst the air grew colder and colder.

"Growl, growl, growl," such a growling the bears made as they came in sight of a tall white shadowy figure, clinging to a huge pole that protruded from the earth. But Jan was not the least afraid.

"That's Thrymmer, and that's the North Pole, and the reason travellers find such difficulty in discovering it is that he won't let any one go near it, and is always covering it up with mists and fogs and impenetrable ice."

Jan drew near.

Thrymmer was a very miserable-looking giant; he looked very cold and very forlorn.

As the bear had said, the geysers were spouting up all round him, though somehow Jan felt that they had no business there.

"He's had them brought here so that he may always have hot water," said Jan to himself.

"What have you come here for?" asked Thrymmer.

Jan hesitated, but he knew that the one great duty of a hero was to speak the truth."

"Well," he said, after another pause, "the fact is, I have killed your brother, Grimmerskrimmer and Hymirymer, I am here for the purpose of killing you; for I am Jan the giant-killer."

"Ha!" said Thrymmer, and his face looked more washed out than ever, "then you have killed two of the greatest tyrants that ever lived, and I can't say I'm sorry for it. On the contrary, I am rather glad, for I shan't have to live at the North Pole any longer.

"They put me here to be out of the way, because I was so old and weak."

"You won't kill him," whispered the largest polar bear, "he's such a poor old fellow. Play him a tune."

And Jan blew softly on his horn a sweet silvery tune that echoed through the blue ice-rocks, and floated far away up towards the rosy-flushed skies.

And lo! as Thrymmer heard it he shrank down and down, and the North Pole with him, until Jan thought they would disappear into the earth.

The North Pole did, and has never been seen since; but just as Jan thought Thrymmer was going as well, a wonderful change took place, and instead of the washed-out, decrepit giant, there stood a youth dressed in white bear-skins, with a fur cap on his head, and a great pair of snow-skates. His face was fresh and rosy, and all his features were perfect, and his hair glittered like gold.

When the bears saw him they uttered cries of delight, for he was none other than their old master, the Spirit of the North.

He turned to Jan.

"So you have slain the last giant," said he, smiling, "not by the sword or spear or bow, but through the energy of purpose that brought you here, and by the sweet persuasive eloquence breathed through your horn.

"Now go home, and live henceforth in peace and safety, for the days of the giants are over, your flocks and herds will be troubled no more.

"Moreover, I will do all in my power to repair the damage that it has done. Ho! reindeer, ho!"

And the reindeer trotted up, and Jan, not displeased at the turn things had taken, got into the sledge.

"Home!" said he.

"Home!" echoed the Spirit of the North, waving his hand, "and may joy for ever be yours."

These words were still ringing in Jan's ears when he found himself once more beside the palace built of polished snow, with the ice-pillars in front. His father, his mother, his sister and brothers rushed out to meet him, shouting:

"We salute, welcome, Jan the giant-killer!"

For the tidings of Jan's exploits had been brought to Jan's father by some ravens. Fenia, too, had heard the swans on fiords singing of it. And, besides, the wind had wafted home the sound of his horn, and the father knew the thrill of triumph in its notes, and rejoiced accordingly.

And somehow, from somewhere, great herds of cattle and sheep were driven into Har's pastures when all the family slept. These must have come from the north, perhaps even from Thrymmer, but that no one could tell. Suffice it to say that all the giants of the north were slain, and all the northern people were proud of their brave young countryman, Jan the giant-killer.

THE ANT-BEAR.—In passing through a wooded plain, writes a traveller in Brazil, we came upon a large ant-eater, which one of our party followed, with the intention of shooting. But his gun missed fire. We all pursued it on foot, with sticks, as none of our guns happened to be loaded. I was the first to come up with it; and, being well aware of the ferocious nature of its mouth, I seized it by its long snout, by which I tried to hold it, when it immediately rose up on its hind legs, and clasping me round the middle with its powerful fore-paws, completely brought me to a stand. One of the men now coming up, struck it a blow on the head with a thick stick, which brought it for an instant to the ground. Notwithstanding it was frequently stunned by the blows it received, it always raised itself again and ran off. At last, I recollected the small pistols which I always carried in my jacket, loaded with ball, when by the first shot through the breast, it fell dead. It was a very large animal, measuring six feet, without including the tail, which, together with the long hair by which it is covered, measured full four more. It ran very slowly, owing to the peculiar organization of its fore-feet, two of the claws of which are very large and doubled up when it walks or runs, causing one side of the foot to rest on the ground. The proper, or rather the principal use of these powerful claws is to assist in obtaining the white ant, the food on which it lives. The large clay nests of these insects are very common in these upland plains; and when the ant-bear wants a meal, he attacks one of these hillocks with his fore-claws, tearing out a portion of the side, and pushes in his long, slender tongue which is covered with a viscid saliva, to which myriads of the ants adhere, and opening his little mouth, he draws it in. Now, shutting down its jaws, it cuts out a second time, receiving the ants in his mouth till his tongue has been completely thrust out, when he swallows them.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS UMBRELLA.—Sainte-Beuve, the eminent French critic, was once engaged in a duel. While the preliminaries were being arranged, it began to rain slightly, and the author who had prudently brought his umbrella with him, held it over his head with one hand, while he firmly grasped his sword with the other. This proceeding being objected to by the seconds as irregular, he coolly replied that "it was quite sufficient for him to risk his life without running the chance of catching cold into the bargain." He, however, did not lack courage, which is more than can be said of one of his colleagues, who, finding himself under the necessity of accepting a challenge, only consented to do so on being confidentially informed by his second that in the present case the duel was merely a matter of form, and that his adversary would take care not to hit him. Somewhat comforted by this assurance, he repaired to the scene of the action, and the distance—25 paces—having been duly measured, boldly faced his opponent, who on the signal being given, blazed away, and neatly perforated the article's hat just an inch above his head. "Confound it!" exclaimed the latter to his second, who was congratulating him on his gallant bearing, "why didn't you tell me he was going to spoil my new hat? I would have put on my old one."

EMPEROR AND PRESIDENT.—It is an old German custom to have the Emperor stand as godfather to the seventh son of any royal subject. Mr. Esch of Vincennes, Ind., thought of this upon the birth of his seventh son, a few days ago, and in lieu of an Emperor, wrote to President Arthur, asking him to become god arthur. His Excellency replied, deputing the Postmaster as the Government representative there to act in his stead, and the old custom was observed as in the Fatherland.

TO ARREST INFLAMMATION in Asthma, try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which acts promptly by overcoming the spasmodic contraction of the wind-tubes, and by causing the ejection of the mucus which clogs them. For Whooping Cough, Croup and Hoarseness, this medicine is equally beneficial; while for all Pulmonary and Bronchial Disorders, it is both a palliative and a curative, and a sure and prompt remedy for all stubborn Coughs and Colds.

Grains of Gold.

A little praise upsets a little mind.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

A good conscience can bear a great deal.

Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

He who throws out suspicions should be suspected himself.

Poverty is the test for civility and the touchstone of friendship.

The thing that makes people strong is the moral courage to do right.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more.

It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are.

Duty looks more repelling at a distance than when fairly faced and met.

He who is slow in making a promise is generally faithful in performing it.

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than any of them appear.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

A rash man is liable to break out any moment no matter how he may feel about it.

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, yet there is a great difference in the fruit.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

An untruthful man is taking his first lesson in learning the language that fills the vocabulary of crime.

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by strict discipline.

Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage, for the farther it goes the faster it will increase.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you already know.

Moral strength is the highest kind of health, and inward purity the richest fountain of peace and joy.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him reasonably water the one and destroy the other.

The bad fortune of the good turns their faces up to heaven: and the good fortune of the bad bows their faces down to the earth.

These six—the peevish, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the passionate, the suspicious, and those who live upon others means—are always very unhappy.

As the shadow follows the substance, so the sting of conscience follows an evil deed; one dies only with the sunlight, the other expires with intelligence.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

Each heart is a world. You will find all within yourself that you find without. The world that surrounds you is the magic glass of the world within you.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one ten years passed by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said some one to an ancient philosopher. "It is a great blessing," replied the philosopher, "not to desire what one does not possess."

Misfortunes come to a man through excessive love of self. He misjudges things just, good and beautiful, through thinking he ought always to honor what belongs to himself in preference to truth.

Time is very much like a ship that never anchors: while I am on board I had better do those things that may profit me in my landing than practice such things as will cause my commitment when I come ashore.

He that looks upon the business and bustle of life with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation, "How many things are here I do not want!"

He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

We pass every day through all the changes of human experience. We are children in the morning, with their fresh young bodies and feelings; we are middle-aged at noon, having seen an end of all perfection; we are old and weary and worn out at night.

"Simply Wonderful!"

The following is an extract from a letter received July 8th, 1880, from which it will be seen that Compound Oxygen did a work which, to use the patient's own language, is "simply wonderful!" He says: "Since I wrote you last (about five weeks ago) I have gained fourteen pounds in weight, and my general health has improved accordingly. I have just finished the Treatment which you sent April 19th, and the work which it has done is simply wonderful! I did not tell you before that my physicians had just given me up. Such was the case. Six weeks ago I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor. The other day I walked three miles! Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

A young lady in Baltimore alludes to her family dentist as an "old plug-ugly."

Folding screens for holding eight or ten photographs are handsome when covered with plush or velvet.

Married women in various parts of this State are applying to the courts for the power to control their own earnings.

At the first exhibition of the Woman's Society of Painters and Sculptors, now being held in Paris, 38 ladies contributed 94 works.

The heart of a flirt settles no more tenaciously on a gentleman's affection than a button does on one of his shirts: for, in fact, it's no sooner on than it's off again.

A Dublin newspaper contained the following: "I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flannigan, on my account, as I am not married to her."

If at home a husband finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealousy and gloom, assailed with complaints and censures, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

The present aim of fashionable women is to make their shoulders as high and square as possible. To attain this, epaulettes, many of them made of jewels, are the latest invention.

Aunt—"Has any one been at those preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" Jimmy, with the utmost deliberation—"Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."

The other Sunday, in a street car, a young lady on her way to church carried her handsomely-bound prayer-book in her lap while she read with intense interest one of the novels of the period.

A gentleman, whose vocabulary was slightly mixed, wished to praise a certain lady reader of this city. "Yes," said he, "besides being a fine elocutionist, she has a good deal of ejaculation."

A Nebraska woman missed her husband for three weeks before she raised any row about it, and she might not have said anything then if his boots had not been drawn up in the well-bucket.

She was only ten years old, and when she was asked whether she had a big piano at her house, she sweetly replied: "No; but father's an Odd Fellow, and he has been made a noble grand."

He that marries is like the Doge who was wedded to the Adriatic. He knows not what there is in that which he marries; maphap treasures and pearls, maphap monsters and tempests, are waiting him.

A young lady in New York recently leaped from a window in order to escape an unfortunate suitor. Deaths and injuries from this cause have not been of frequent occurrence in Philadelphia.

A lady at Monterey, Va., had her teeth extracted preliminary to inserting an artificial set, but while the dentist was waiting for the gums to cicatrize nature usurped his office and supplied the woman with a new set of teeth.

A "voudoo bag" sold to a colored girl at Nashville, who was told that it would make her lover marry her, on being opened was found to contain a small piece of lodestone, some salt, two pieces of chalk and some ashes.

The druggist at Calhoun, Iowa, sold alcoholic liquors as a beverage. One of the purchasers went home drunk. His sister thereupon entered the store with a club and smashed half the bottles in it before she could be restrained.

A lady who has been spending some little time in Havana, being asked what she thought of the place, said, "The people there seem to spend most of their time smoking cigarettes and riding around in rotantes buying lottery tickets."

Women once had all their rights. The ancient Egyptian bridegroom took the name of his wife, instead of giving his name to her; and the Egyptian sons, instead of being called after their fathers, were designated by the names of their mothers.

The importance of a knowledge of the culinary art to ladies is illustrated by this incident: An old woman who had never fallen out with her husband, on being asked the reason, said: "When I was young I won my husband's heart, now I am old I have won his stomach."

Some prominent lady writers are merciless in their criticism of men, accusing them of extreme self-importance. Mrs. Jameson says: "Personal vanity in a man is sheer, unmingled egotism, and an ill failing subject of ridicule and contempt with all women, be they wise or foolish."

A well-known writer says: "The true girl has to be sought for." Exactly; and the good-for-nothing young scamp who sponges his way through the world too often does the seeking, and gets the girl who ought to be married to the young man of sense, who has neither time nor inclination to hunt her up.

It women will paint, why will they do it in a manner that would disgrace a house and sign painter? Women who paint are subject to a certain form of color blindness. The eye becomes demoralized—they think they are giving themselves a tinge of color when they are reddening themselves to the hue of peonies. The woman who paints resigns the privilege of blushing.

An elderly Scotchwoman went to an apothecary's shop with a prescription for two grains of calomel for a child. Seeing the druggist weigh the medicine with scrupulous exactness, and not thinking he did this from anxiety not to get an overdose, but from his apparent penuriousness or desire to give as little as possible for the money, she remarked: "Dinna be sae mean wi' it, mon. It's for a puir, fatherless bairn."

A fashion writer says: "Barefooted belles are seriously promised for next summer at seaside resorts. The Princess Beatrice slipper, of beaded satin, dainty and delicate, and shaped like a sandal, is intended to be worn without stockings. But the idea will fall in practice, and I'll tell you why. Not one woman in ten has feet that will bear baring. They may be small and shapely, and look fine in stockings, but without covering they would reveal a corn here, a bunion there, toes over-topping each others, nests of in-growing nails and other blemishes. No; the promise of barefooted belles will not be fulfilled."

News Notes.

Chicago manufacturers mix cotton-seed oil with cheese.

It has cost $223,000,000 to look after Indians during the past ten years.

With a black dress the black gloves and shoes are embroidered with jet bees.

A Chicago church has expelled a member lately because he "made faces at the pastor" during service.

Sixty thousand bushels of seeds have been distributed among the sufferers by the forest fires in Michigan.

Michigan, to beat the boy preacher, trots out a "boy mayor." Next we shall have a boy oldest inhabitant.

The Mormons have now six preaching places in London, and are sending out bodies of English girls to Utah.

The outgrowth of the æsthetic business in Alabama is the establishment of a postoffice in Madison county called Too-too.

Virginian Christianity is illustrated in a law on the books of the State that makes it a misdemeanor to carry a pistol on Sunday.

A tailor at Chicopee, Mass., puts the accounts of his delinquent customers conspicuously in his window, placarded "These bills for sale."

A lunatic who jumped from a swift railroad train, in Michigan, was almost killed by the shock, but has been perfectly sane since his recovery.

The alligators of Florida appear to be doomed. A Fort Ogden man has a contract to deliver five thousand alligator hides to a St. Louis firm by May 1.

A Brooklyn judge has decided that where schools for colored children are established, those pupils cannot attend the schools provided for white children.

During a gale at Eutaw, Alabama, the other day, wild geese that were flying north were blown to the ground and along the streets in every direction.

Chewing tobacco is to be used for rewards of merit in the Illinois State Prison, each well-behaved convict receiving a good-sized paper or a plug once a week.

In the submerged district along the Mississippi most of the little people were fitted out with three or four gourds, which answered the purpose of life preservers.

An accommodating conductor stopped a train long enough at Mayaville, Ill., for a village clergyman to pronounce a hasty marriage ceremony for two eloping passengers.

Our annual diary product is estimated at between $400,000,000 and $500,000,000, being greater than either the wheat or corn crop, and exceeding that of cotton and wool combined.

An old man and his wife died lately in France at the same hour of the same day. They were born on the same day, and in the same parish, and had passed a singularly easy, prosperous and happy life.

Recent cases are noted in the medical journals of tetanus, or "lockjaw," having occurred in infants on account of being bathed in too hot water. A single nurse reports several cases of this kind.

The hoisting of a safe is one of the most fascinating of street sights for idlers. In Providence the expectant crowd saw the mass of metal, weighing over four tons, fall on a workman and crush him to death.

The famous horse chestnut tree in the Tuileries Gardens, which is wont to blossom only on the 28th of March, in honor, the loyal used to aver, of the Dauphin's birthday, burst into bloom this year on the 28th of February.

Two detected burglars at Dayton, Ohio, leaped from a third story window eighteen feet to a shed, and then sixteen feet more to the ground, dashed through the crowd which had counted on capturing them, and escaped.

A four-year-old boy went into a saloon at Dallas City, Ill., tossed a five-cent piece on the bar, and called for a glass of beer, as he had seen his father do. Being refused the drink, he went out and smashed a window with a stone.

The exploit of a Grand Rapids dog was to run up one aisle of a church during service, upset the contribution box, run down another aisle, run upstairs into the gallery, fall over into the congregation below, and then get kicked out.

A five-year-old negro boy of Woodlawn, Texas, had a mania for putting out eyes. He deprived several chickens and cats of vision, and finally stealing a baby, during the absence of its mother, killed it by thrusting sharp sticks into its eyes.

The sincerity of James Powell's conversion cannot be doubted. After attending several revival meetings at Lafayette, Ind., he confessed the unsuspected crime of stealing a horse, delivered himself up to the Sheriff, and provided evidence for his prosecution.

The warden of the Illinois Penitentiary says that James Burke died in that prison of grief and remorse. He slew his brother, and a court and jury viewed the crime so leniently that he was sentenced to only five years' imprisonment. But his own estimate of his guilt was much higher.

A stone stopped an elopement in Louisville. It was thrown by a boy in the street, knocking off the hat of the driver of the carriage in which the runaway couple were riding to a railroad station, and thus caused just enough delay to make them miss the train, and the girl's father to capture them.

Liver, Kidney and Bright's Disease.

A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has the power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

WE WILL SEND Without Charge

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 36-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
28 Market St., Phila., or, 469 Broadway, N. Y.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Oakdale, April 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is my ideal of a literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it.

MRS. H. E. HECKMAN.

Dubois, Pa., April 1, '82,

Editor Post—Premium received, and consider it simply elegant. Out of eleven premiums this is decidedly the handsomest.

MRS. T. E. STAGE.

Vallejo, Cal., March 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday, and am very much pleased with it. It is very beautiful indeed. Accept our thanks.

MRS. J. Q. ADAMS.

Antrim, April 2, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. We are decidedly well pleased with it.

MRS. S. A. WOLCOTT.

Hamilton, N. Y., April 4, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. It is a very beautiful gift, and am well pleased with it.

F. S. BRAINERD.

Monroeville, Ala., April 2, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please one and all. It is superb!

ELLA T. SMITH.

Pasquotank, N. C., April 5, 82,

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are pleased with it. It exceeded our expectations.

CORA A. MCCABE.

Cawker City, Kan., April 3, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful—truly magnificent. Please accept my sincere thanks.

A. WALLACE.

Piedmont, Mo., April 4, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am more than pleased with it.

MRS. REBECCA YOUNG.

Webberville, Tex., Feb. 2, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them unite with me in sounding its praises. And THE POST is what I consider a first-class journal in every respect.

MARY A. THOMAS.

New Tacoma, Mich, April 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. All who have seen it pronounce it the most beautiful premium they have ever seen sent out by any publisher. I shall try and induce all my friends to subscribe for THE POST, the most excellent journal published. Couldn't do without it.

R. S. BEALS.

Concord, Ky., April 4, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations. I have been a constant subscriber of your valuable paper for nearly eight years, and have received many premiums, but none of them are to be compared to this one. Accept my kindest wishes for the prosperity of the dear old POST.

ADA E. WELLS.

Iowa City, Ia., April 2, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is a very handsome picture. Have shown it to several of my friends, all of whom admire it very much, and expect them all to subscribe. I certainly think the picture a splendid gift, far exceeding my most sanguine expectations. Your efforts merit success.

SAMUEL COZINE.

Woodlawn, N. Y., April 3, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown the paper and picture to several friends, all of whom enthuse over it. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

MAX H. GUELER.

Rudid, Ia., April 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. It is so natural and lifelike. I am more than satisfied.

NOAH HULBERT.

Stewart, Wis., April 5, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am well pleased with it. It is very pretty indeed. I will do all in my power to increase your list.

ESTHER L. ROBB.

Lockport, Ill., April 6, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. It is much nicer than we expected. It shall have an elegant frame, and hang it in our best parlor. Thanks.

WM. H. KIRKHAM.

Sycamore, Pa., April 6, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture admire it. Hope it will bring you many patrons.

CATHARINE PETTIT.

Anderson, Ind., April 3, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you represented. I would not take $2 for it. It is by far the prettiest premium I ever saw.

GEO. W. NOEL.

Humorous.

"Circumstances alter cases," as the compositor said when he dropped a case of type on the floor.

The man who bought his son a boy's chest of tools on Christmas, has now a fine assortment of three-legged chairs.

Andrew Jackson's fourteen-gallon punch-bowl was used the other evening in New York. Bat-bands had to be loosened the next morning.

"Do you think you will be able to pull through?" anxiously inquired the needle of the thread. "Eye think so," was the curt response.

"When I was your age," said old Mr. Trot, "I rose with the lark." "I beat you clear out of sight, then," said Tom, wearily; "I've been up all night."

"Yes," said the farmer, "barbed wire fence is expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop to rest for five minutes on top of it every time he has to climb it."

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance, it required so much skill to balance himself on such a narrow edge.

A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched on me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

In one hand of the corpse the Laplanders place some money to pay the fee of the porter at the gate of Paradise. They have an idea that the gate is tended by a dead hotel waiter.

It is rumored that the carpet-beaters will strike soon. They will thrill every fibre in the underlying fabric of our institutions, and their movement will raise a dust in the community.

An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

"Yes," said the practical wife, "I'm looking for some dashing sort of a girl to coax my husband into eloping. He'll probably stay away two weeks, and so be out of the way until I can get through house-cleaning."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Good Eye-Sight for All.

The Electro-Medicated Eye-Glasses and Spectacles advertised on another page, by J. C. Boyd, are something new to the world of science, and well calculated to do much towards preventing what threatens to become a national affliction in America—poor eye-sight. They combine all the advantages of the old make, with many important improvements peculiarly their own. Those whose sight is in the least degree weak, or becoming so, should by all means try these glasses.

WASHINGTON, N. J., April 11, 1882.

HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY, the Piano and Organ Manufacturer, was re-elected Mayor, yesterday, for the fourth time, by a handsome majority. It is a great compliment, as three years is a full term, and he was the only man elected on the ticket.

To get the best Cod Liver Oil in the world ask your druggist for **Baker's.** If not kept by him, it will pay to send direct for it. Prices and valuable information mailed on request. John C. Baker & Co., 815 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Barlett's PILES SUPPOSITORIES RAPID RELIEF CERTAIN CURE.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.—That pleasant and active agent in the cure of all consumptive symptoms, "*Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime,*" is being universally adopted in medical practice. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

Established 1852.
KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.
SLATE MANTELS
Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.
JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.
Office and Salesroom: 1210 Ridge Avenue.
Factory: 1211 & 1213 Spring Garden St., Philada.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. Sample sent free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

50 Lovely Moss-rose, Bird Mottoes, Lillies, Winter & Moonlight scenes, all beautiful chromos, name on 10c. BRANFORD PRINTING CO. Branford Conn

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health.
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

BEATTY'S
CABINET OR PARLOR

ORGANS

Beatty's BEETHOVEN Organ contains 16 full sets Golden Tongue Reeds, 27 STOPS, Walnut or Ebonized Case, 5 Octaves, Metal Foot Plates, Upright Bellows, Steel Springs, Lamp Stands, Pocket for music, Handles and Rollers for moving, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, a NEW AND NOVEL KEEDBOARD (patented) will give as much music as 14 COMMON ORGANS. No other maker dare build this organ (it is patented.) ENORMOUS SUCCESS. Sales over 1000 a month, demand increasing. ☞ Factory working DAY and by 350 Edison's Electric Lights at NIGHT to fill orders.

☞ Price, Boxed, Delivered on board Cars here, Stool, Book, &c., only **$90**

If after one year's use you are not satisfied return Organ, will promptly refund money with interest,

COME AND EXAMINE THE INSTRUMENT

in person. Five Dollars ($5) allowed to pay expenses if you buy; come any way, you are welcome. Free Coach with polite attendants meets all trains. Other Organs $20, $40, $100 up. Pianofortes $175 to $1000. ☞ *Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free.*

Please Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

DRY GOODS
BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,
Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Beatty's Organs 27 stops $90. Pianos $125 up. Factory running day & night. Papers free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

75 Lovely FRENCH CHROMO Cards with name on 10c. Clinton Bro. New Haven, Ct.

THE GREAT TRIAL.

DR. SHERMAN'S HERNIA CASE IN COURT.

The trial and acquittal of Dr. J. A. Sherman, of New York, has attracted much attention this week. The facts seem to be that Dr. Sherman was solicited by a number of citizens, sufferers from rupture, to make a professional visit to this city. He acceded to their request, and had been only three days established in his office, No. 43 Milk street, when he was arrested on a charge of "circulating obscene prints or pictures." Dr. Sherman finds it absolutely necessary, as an aid to successful treatment, to use anatomical representations of some of the different classes of cases that he treats. With his "Treatise on Hernia" he has a supplement containing photographic likenesses of a large number of very severe but actual cases he has treated and cured, showing the ailment as it was, then as it appeared and improved under his treatment, and lastly showing a complete cure—the object of these being the benefit of the afflicted, of course. That these pictures were gotten up for any other purpose except a necessarily useful and eminently legitimate one was emphatically denied; but Detective Knox, as he himself testified, went to the office and bought a book and supplement for ten cents, under the pretense that he had a child ruptured, when Detective Wade, who had previously supplied him with the same books, walked into the Doctor's office and made the arrest.

At the trial one Sam Wilson swore that he went to Gen. Butler's office to inquire if it was legal for him to carry these books around with him in his pocket, he having also obtained them by going to the office and telling the Doctor that he, too, was ruptured.

The case was on trial before Judge Putnam, of the Superior Court, Wednesday and Thursday. The only witnesses the State had to rely on were Wilson and the two detectives, District Attorney Stevens for the State, Charles J. Brooks for defendant. For Doctor Sherman there were a number of respectable witnesses in court ready to testify, some of whom volunteered to come, and did come, from New York. Among the number may be specially named A. F. Dyer, of Charlestown, a railway employe, now being rapidly cured by the Doctor's process; Alvin Sherman, of South Boston, who, two years since, procuring one of the above books, went to the Doctor's office in New York, and is now completely cured. Other witnesses there were who had been radically cured or are now under most promising treatment. Besides Dr. Sherman himself and his colored man were further observed among witnesses to the defence Dr. A. F. Pollock, Dr. La Grange, Army Surgeon, and Dr. H. Chase. The latter gentleman testified most emphatically that so far from being improper the photographic exhibits in question were quite the reverse; that hernia could not be intelligently described nor properly shown by any possible form of language, nor, indeed, be successfully treated without making or using such representations as were here made use of and shown; that, in fact, there was a surgical necessity. Judge Putnam, in his charge to the jury, showed clearly that under the statutes no offence whatever had been committed. The jury agreed with him, and returned a verdict of not guilty. The verdict was received in the crowded court-room with evident satisfaction, the audience making such demonstrations of applause as to render it necessary for the officers to interfere to preserve order. Hereafter the Doctor will probably be allowed to practice his profession in peace.—*Boston Transcript.*

The arrest of Dr. Sherman looks more like a Puritanical persecution than anything else. His book clearly gives evidence of his skill and success in a branch of art of the greatest importance to mankind. We recommend our readers who are ruptured to consult Dr. Sherman at once if they hope ever again to enjoy the comforts of a sound body.

His book is mailed for 10 cents. It is worthy the attention of the afflicted who want indisputable evidence of the true system of cure.

Dr. Sherman is at his New York office, No. 251 Broadway, New York, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays of each week. Branch offices, 32 Walnut St., Philadelphia, and 43 Milk street, Boston, Mass. Days of consultation at branch offices will be given on application to principal office.

OLD GOLD
--AND--
Silver Bought
Teeth-Plates, Jewelry, Silverware, and Platinum,
UNUSED, BROKEN, OR OUT OF STYLE,
BOUGHT.
J. L. CLARK,
Gold and Silver Refiner & Assayer.
823 Filbert St.,
PHILA., PA.

LADIES!
NEUTRO-PILLENE
ONLY HAIR SOLVENT KNOWN.
Permanently Dissolves Superfluous HAIR, root and branch, in five minutes, Without pain, discoloration, or injury.
Send 2 stamps for particulars.
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OF EITHER SEX

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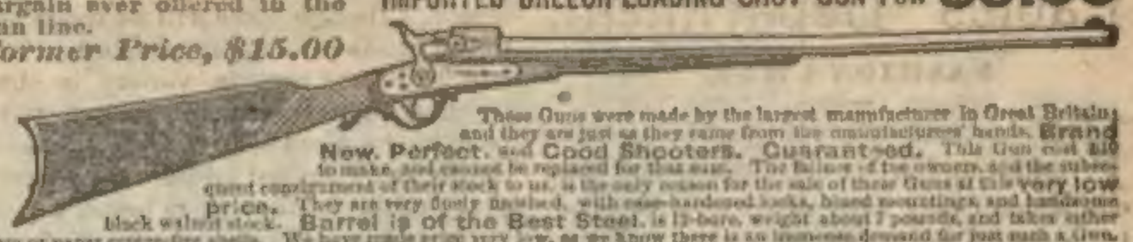

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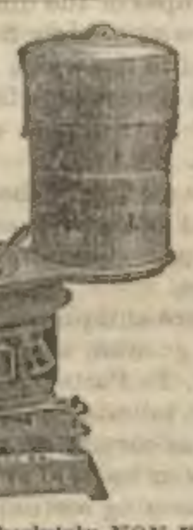

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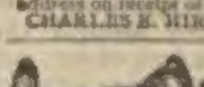

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FOR costumes for young girls no more simple and pretty style can be had than one which I may have before quoted, namely, a short skirt covered with gathered flounces, each with a heading, falling one over the other with (if the fabric is a woolen one) a sash of moire or velvet crossing the front, and arranged in a large bow and ends behind, no other drapery being needed to complete the costume, and this has been wonderfully popular for the evening dresses of thin materials lately so much in vogue, of which more anon.

Taking them altogether, with the exception of the magnificent toilettes of many colors and rich materials destined for married women, the present out-door costumes have not so much trimming in the way of fringes, passementerie, etc., there being more done, and more effect produced by finely kilted and gathered pieces of the material, but a popular trimming is made of bands of the stuff embroidered in silk to match.

The most popular dress as this spring are tailor-made, and though they cost more than those made by dressmakers, the expense is counteracted by the fact that they fit much better, and therefore wear much longer.

How is it that dressmakers cannot learn to press the seams like a tailor, for in this, I am told, lies one of the great differences between tailor-made costumes and others.

The tailor presses every seam and all outside stitching is so carefully done, but I may add they give a garment a certain cut, and finish which no dressmaker seems to be able to imitate at all.

A French combination of fabrics is introduced which will prove happily suggestive to those who have dresses to make over; that of dark cashmere for the over-dress with a skirt of summer silk either checked or striped, and, as a further anomaly, the cashmere has white embroidery on muslin for trimming.

For instance, a sapphire blue bodice, panels, and panels of cashmere are worn over a summer silk pleated skirt showing checks of dark blue and cream-color: cream-white mull embroidery is laid flat on the blue cashmere bodice to represent a pointed vest and cuffs, and also on the blue panels, with the straight edge below, and the scallops turned upward.

A similar dress of dark blue nun's veiling has white and blue striped silk and satin for the skirt.

Bottle green cashmere is used for an overdress with a pleated skirt of checked green and white summer silk. A dark copper red wool suit has copper and blue checked silk for the skirt. In silks, stripes are again announced as coming in. There are inch-wide stripes of checked faille alternating with satin stripes of the same width but in contrasting colors.

There are moire striped silks, also in contrasts. Chine silks are again to the fore, in such beautiful patterns that they look like hand-paintings; there are watered effects, and damask effects, and striped effects in these Chines.

In all the new failles and satins, whether Duchesse or Rhadames, the new manufactures are supple and yielding, telling the tale more pure silk is used in their composition than has been the case for years past.

In silken goods stripes are still very general, but there are no very attractive novelties as yet in these fabrics: the stripes are still of varying width, and alternately of satin and moire, broche and moire, plush and satin, etc., in the same or in different colors.

Another pattern, as time-honored as stripes or chequers and equally devoid of imagination, is that of spots, and these are once more being introduced in many French materials. Striped cloths are made with colored spots on the alternate stripes in a color differing from the ground; spotted satins have been considerably used for evening toilettes, and now there are silken broches with gold spots woven in the texture, and moire silks with satin spots. For young ladies' dresses the new gauzes with silk spots are pretty when used for draperies and flounces on a foundation of plain surah.

The spots are rather small in size, about as large as the end of a lead-pencil; large spots being completely demode.

If spots are small, however, stripes are exceedingly wide and frequently of several colors, chequers are of all sizes, from minute hair line chequers to large squares divided from each other by wide striped and shaded lines.

There is no prospect that there will be any diminution in the quantity of lace worn this season, although there will be much variety in the kinds principally adopted.

With regard to style, variety is obtained by changing from finely gauged to crenelated skirts, from long open tunics to short coquettishly draped tabliers, by draping in every conceivable way, in loops, waves, and puffs, and by altering the train from the magnificent proportions of a Louis XIV. robe, to the narrow swallow-tailed trains which are equally fashionable. There is also a tendency towards draping the train at the top, and bringing the puff higher than it has been hitherto.

The designs of many of choicest Parisian dresses give the general effect of the princesse dress, as already described, with close long waist, paniers, and pleated skirt, yet the costume is not the all-in-one princesse dress, but consists of two pieces—the waist and skirt—with drapery attached to one or the other to conceal the place of rejoining.

The apron over-skirt once so popular, and never entirely out of fashion, has again been revived and will prove a boon to many who always preferred its simple style with its five full straight breadths of silk or satin.

The new feature in this is stitched pleats from the belt down to take up the fulness in the front and sides, while the back is very bouffantly box-pleated.

Large square tabliers, apparently cut with the coat-bodice, are also frequently seen, as in the following costume of navy-blue satin and embossed velvet. The coat-bodice is long and forms a demiredingote in front; a square tablier crenelated at the edge covers the greater part of the skirt, leaving room at the back for the puffs of the satin train; this is a good model for demi-saison costumes when pelisses and heavy mantles are abandoned.

Other fashionable dressmakers have adopted the large old-fashioned polonaise, which forms part of some of the richest dresses of the season. Sometimes the polonaise is open down the entire front, giving a glimpse of the under dress, which is bordered with narrow flounces; at others it is closed to the waist, below which it opens wide, disclosing a large triangle of the skirt, which is trimmed either with flounces or puffs.

The closing of the polonaise is often concealed either with embroidered galloon or with passementerie to match the dress trimmings.

Moire antique and watered silks still hold their ground, and are likely to continue in favor. In Paris these materials compose the entire toilette for dowagers, but are only used as corsage or as garniture by young ladies or by youthful matrons.

Charming costumes of faille and voile are to be worn, but the broche moires are leading at present. Embroidery is to be the great vogue of this coming season, and we notice very rich embroidered silk costumes, as well as embroidered cashmere dresses, and the endless legion of embroidered surahs and satins.

White muslin, whether India muslin, or the more fashionable mousseline de soie, is richly embroidered and arranged as robings, as flounces, and as draped tunics over flounces. It is the day of embroidery: it is a complete mania, and is carried to excess.

White dresses are entirely of embroidery with a panier sash of satin surah passed around the hips and tied in a great bow, with ends for drapery behind. The shirred basque is of open star embroidery entirely made on a lawn lining, with deep sailor collar.

The skirt is covered by three or four flounces of embroidery, and the panier sash conceals the edge of the basque, which is untrimmed. A breadth of pale pink surah with pale blue surah lining in the loops and ends of the bow makes a lovely panier sash, and this is worn straight around the hips, as children's sashes are.

The Greek over-skirt is also liked for thin white dresses edged with the embroidery, and opening on one side to show eight or ten narrow embroidered ruffles that are placed horizontally on the lower skirt.

Black voile is one of the favorite materials for half-mourning dinner dresses, especially voile of a superior quality. Such a dress looks very well with the round skirt covered with narrow pleated flounces of Spanish lace, and panels at the sides in the shape of the letter V, gauged all over and edged with lace. The corsage is gracefully draped by a handsome fichu of Spanish lace loosely tied in front.

Fireside Chat.

USEFUL HINTS FOR BEDROOMS.

AS girls grow up their dresses increase in size and number, and great are the lamentations over the smallness and insufficiency of the drawers, &c., in consequence. Now this want of accommodation can be easily supplied by home work. One capital institution is the box ottoman, which according to size, will hold your dresses at full length, or serve as a receptacle for hats and bonnets.

This is a particularly easily manufactured comfort, and almost any box will do for a foundation. I have seen boxes of all shapes and sizes used for this purpose by officers' wives, intent on getting the largest amount of accommodation with the smallest cost and least addition to their impedimenta.

Any packing case will do if tolerably stout. First purchase a pair of hinges for the lid and four castors, when these are duly screwed on, line your box neatly with pink or grey glazed lining, fastening it securely by tacks or glue to the bottom and outside of the box. Next make a cushion to fit the top, and fasten this also securely at the four corners. This cushion may be made like a pillow or a mattress, as you please. You now cut a strip of the material, cretonne, sheeting, or whatever stuff you intend as covering, the depths of your box, and long enough to go round it, allowing for fulness. Hem the lower edge neatly, and gather the top into a band the exact size of the box; this band is then nailed on, or, if you are using a travelling box instead of a packing case, is tied or buttoned. Then cut a piece sufficiently large to cover the cushion and lid, and to this stitch a frill either kilted, gathered, or box-plaited as you choose, and fasten the whole with fancy nails to the lid in such a way that the kilting falls over and hides the band of the box valance. Add a cord or ribbon loop to the middle of the lid to lift it by, and your ottoman is complete. If your room is sufficiently large, it is very nice to have two of these ottomans, one long enough for dress skirts, and a smaller one, which will slip under the dressing table, and hold your hats, etc., serving when needed as a seat for the dressing table.

Convenience No. 2 is a wardrobe. To buy this is expensive; but a perfectly sufficient substitute is easily contrived. If there be a recess in your room, have two boards made to fit it exactly in length; but one about 1½in. narrower than the other. These two planks may be painted, or varnished, or left in their natural condition, as you please. Fasten the broadest of them securely, about 6ft. from the ground, and the narrower one from 9in. to 12in. lower. Immediately below this hang one of the expanding portable wardrobes, as they are called, and which may be procured at almost any furniture or fancy shop for a trifle. This is your wardrobe, which has but one objection, dust. To obviate this make a curtain, which should match your furniture, curtains, &c. Cut the material for this at least 6in. longer than the actual length, and allow it sufficiently wide to hang in good full folds. Hem it top and bottom, and, if you like, fasten tiny bags of shot in the bottom hem, to make it hang down fairly.

Run a casor through the top hem, draw your curtain to the exact width, and nail the casing tape firmly at each end to the top of the upper shelf about 2in. from the edge. If this looks too bare, you may nail your casor to the edge of the top shelf, and fastened a strip of material either vandyked or gathered, about 2in. from the edge of the shelf, and sufficiently deep to fall over the top of the curtain, and hang down from 4in. to 6in.

It depends on the width of your recess whether you have one or two curtains. If you open your curtain in the middle it is best to substitute rings, and a thin rod, fastened to the upper shelf, under the valance, for the casor, as the former "run" more easily than the latter. If properly and carefully made this wardrobe is perfectly dust-proof. When there is no recess, a corner of the room may be utilized in just the same way; only, instead of straight boards, you have triangular pieces of the size you choose, and fasten the rows of dress hooks each side of the angle formed by the wall. The shelf above the dresses serves to hold shoes, boots, etc., and such like, which are all the better for being protected from the dust.

Wall pockets of different sizes, from the useful one that holds slippers, house-shoes, clothes brushes, etc., to the dainty little vide poche, that just holds your watch, scent bottle, etc., are great additions to a room. A portable bonnet box is another little comfort, that, when not in use, can be packed into a very small compass. It is easily made with four sticks, two squares of millboard, and a little cretonne and lining. Cut two squares each of cretonne and lining; join a square of cretonne and one of lining neatly on three sides, hemming the edges of both on the fourth side, into which you slip one of the squares of millboard; to this square sew a strip of cretonne, also lined, long enough to go round it, and join the ends, to form the sides of the box. Into each corner sew a casor, and slip a stick down each.

Next fasten a lined square, similar to the foundation to one side of the box, to form a lid, add ribbon strings to fasten it down, slip the other piece of millboard into this, and you have a neat little case that effectually protects your bonnet when not required, and which, by taking out the millboard and sticks, can in a moment be reduced to a tiny flat parcel.

It adds much to the finish of your room, if all the little etceteras harmonise—from the quilt, nightdress case, etc., to the curtain and furniture; and this can be quite easily arranged. You need not do it all at once, but keep your general idea in view, and work each addition to your room with an eye to this harmony.

In several English provincial towns butchers who have only American beef sell all they can procure.

Correspondence.

E. J., (Mobile, Ala.)—You have acted perfectly right. Have nothing to do with her, and if she has any conscience she will restore the presents to you.

C. S., (Charles, Ind.)—The classical languages are dead ones, but all dead languages are not classical. The Greek and Latin languages are the classical ones.

AMY, (Jackson, Ill.)—In the language of flowers carnation means coyness, damask rose peerless beauty, and glory flower, proud beauty. There is no charge for answers in this column.

PARKINSON, (New York, N. Y.)—A supercargo is an officer in a merchant ship, appointed to superintend the commercial transactions of the voyage, to sell the goods or merchandise, purchase returning cargoes, etc. His salary depends on the size of the ship in which he holds that position.

SPORTING, (Trenton, N. J.)—From present indications, we judge that the coming season will be unusually lively with all manner of sports, and that lovers of base ball, cricket, yachting, rowing, etc., will see some of the most brilliant contests ever known. 2. George Hazael, an Englishman, and the distance 600 miles.

POLISH, (Huron, Mich.)—The Dunkers or Tunkers are a singular religious body in parts of this country; whether they have penetrated into parts of Canada we know not. They are Baptists with peculiar feelings, and exclude, we hear, all other sects. They were founded in 1708, and established their first church in America in 1723.

BENE J., (Rockland, N. Y.)—Many, of course, attach no importance to it except as a customary thing. Any ring will do. But a wedding ring is usually a plain hoop of gold. The extravagance is commonly in the other ring that keeps it in its place. The ring should be in the gentleman's pocket, and at the right moment, in his hand.

SEVENTEEN, (Kent, R. I.)—If you do not love the young man now, you seem to be on the road to love. Let matters take their course, and, in a year or so, perhaps all doubts will be removed from your mind. You say you are "sweet sixteen." That being the case, you can afford to take plenty of time to find out whether you love the young man or not.

SMOKER, (Cambria, Pa.)—Killikanick is a favorite substance with the Indians for smoking, and is sometimes mixed with tobacco by the whites. It is the tender inner bark of the American sumac. This tree, with its beautiful fern-like leaves, is indigenous to the North American continent, from this latitude to the Gulf. In autumn its leaves assume almost as brilliant a tint as those of the maple, that glory of the autumn woods.

COUNTRY, (Crawford, O.)—You say you don't believe in love. Then why do you ask us to explain to you what love is? When you are in a proper frame of mind to consider what we have to say on the subject of love let us know, and we shall do our best to comply with your wishes; but at present you are clearly not in the humor to give us a fair hearing. All that we shall therefore do meanwhile in reference to your lengthened disquisition is to assert that love, true love, is a reality as much as life itself.

JAMES B., (Bristol, Pa.)—The bard of Avon's dictum applies to you:

"The man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man
If with that tongue he cannot win a woman."

You seem never to have tried to win the lady you are so madly in love with. We do not know your circumstances, therefore are not in a position to say what would be "a suitable present to a lady." If this is your reason for going West, you had better stay at home and try to woo the lady.

LOUIS, (Franklin, Mo.)—The best way to treat a cousin that interferes between two cousins and always makes trouble, is to tell that cousin to mind his or her own business; that is, supposing, of course, that the two cousins are conducting themselves properly. Otherwise, the cousins should be grateful to their relative for taking such a warm interest in their welfare. 2. Your handwriting is not "very bad," but it could be improved by practice and attention. 3. To keep the hands white, wash them well and often with soap and water, and expose them to the air as little as possible. 4. Keep it clean, and wash occasionally with bay rum.

STAGE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The distinction between a drama and comedy is very simple. In a drama a plot turns on a murder; in a comedy, on a marriage. The question in a comedy is whether the marriage will take place or not. There will be a marriage, there will be a murder; this is the first act. There will be no marriage or no murder; this is the second act. A new incident happens, a new manner of killing or marrying; that is the third act. An obstacle arises which prevents the killing or murdering; that is the fourth act. This must finish, and so in the fifth act the marriage or murder is arranged or accomplished, because everything must have an end.

INQUIRER, (Mount Holly, N. J.)—The word wife comes to us through the Saxon. In that tongue, wife meant "weaver;" that is to say, wives have it in their power either to weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or to feed upon and bring them to decay. Permit us also to quote for your benefit the words of the philosopher: "Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the only fire at her feet; but home is wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light afar for those who else are homeless."

M. E. B., (Wilmington, Del.)—You evidently look upon the young lady as a mere convenience, and display about as much selfishness as one person could well contain. Judging from your letter—and we feel certain you have not underrated yourself—she would show wisdom in having nothing further to do with you. She is evidently a good, sensible girl, and your desire to occupy her time, though positive no such thing as marriage can ever take place is about as "cheeky" a proposition as we ever heard of. Our advice is to let matters remain as they are. Do not bother about the photographs; do not write to the mother, but show by your future treatment and manner of speaking of the daughter that you have been misrepresented. We coincide in condemning mixed marriages. If there was no other reason—and to us there seems many—this in itself should be sufficient to keep you apart as lovers. There is no good cause why you may not be friends, but be careful that your words and conduct never overstep friendly bounds.